

AUGUST 1982, \$2.50

Atlantic Insight

In N.B.:
Longshoremen say
no to Argentina-
bound cargo

In Nfld.:
One reporter's
battle to be
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In P.E.I.:
Lindee Climo
paints animals.
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Atlantic Insight

AUGUST 1982, Vol. 4 No. 8



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Cover Story: Can the Atlantic region support a real, live professional football team? Yes, say the group of schemers and dreamers who've captured a Canadian Football League franchise for the Halifax-Dartmouth area. They still have to come up with a team—and a stadium. But one thing they've settled is who'll be coach. He's John Huard of the Acadia Axemen, the most successful coach in Canadian college football. And if all comes together as it should, he'll be aiming a team of pros straight at the Grey Cup two years from now.

COVER: BILL RICHARDSON,
DAVID NICHOLS



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Travel: You can count on one thing in an organized tour of Russia: There'll be precious little time to drag your heels. But every action-packed day is worth it in a country unimaginably rich in history, art, museums and architecture. Not to mention champagne, caviar—and vodka with Pepsi.

By Marion J. Kane



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Art: Prince Edward Island's Lindee Climo began by raising farm animals, ended up painting them in a style that's made her one of the fastest-rising young realist painters in the region. Her new children's book, due out this month, is the work not only of a skilled artist but of a warm, caring nature.

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Editor's Letter

There are many things to be said for the month of August, one of which is that it's a time when you can forget about kids and TV. In the healthy midst of sunshine, silky sands, sweet scented grass, salt-scented waves, armed with bikes, bats, tennis rackets, at beaches, at barbecues, at camp, they are finally safe. Safe from the tube, thank heaven, and for one blessed month you can relax too and store up the energy you need to get through another winter of guilt about what all that junk she/he watches is doing to the kids.

I fully agree with those people who say that the importance of TV's influence on kids has been exaggerated, that their brains aren't rotting, that there's even the faint possibility that they may be brighter and more knowledgeable about the world because of television. I agree, but I don't really believe it. No parent can who has lived through the humbling experience of fighting for the attention of a small child, locked in eye-to-eye contact with some goon on The Box.

So, I look forward to August. As I lie in the sun myself, it gives me a good feeling to think about all the healthful, wholesome, active things the kid at my house is doing with herself these days. That is, it did until Harry Bruce's column for this issue (page 26) fell on my desk. Every parent plagued with the kids-going-to-hell-from-watching-TV blues has his or her own special fear. Sex. Violence. Disrespect for law and order. Racism. Everything else-ism. Chromosome damage. My specialty is role models, which, as my ill luck would have it, is really what this month's Bruce essay is all about. Never mind that this is the same writer who, scant months ago, told us not to worry about the junk kids watch on TV. Never mind that he's saying the fuss about role models is pretty much of a tempest in a teacup. My trembling, exposed nerve has been touched. August is ruined.

Deep down in my heart there lurks the fear that, no matter how impossibly insane they may seem to me, the adult women my daughter is exposed to on television probably seem more interesting and exciting to her than any of the real women in her life. Let's face it, I mean her mother.



Over the past five years, since she reached the age of viewership, I have waged a continuing battle against the seductive powers of a whole string of television super-heroines and I don't think I've won. There was the *Bionic Woman* phase, an early infatuation, during which I lived in daily fear that the tiny limbs of the only kid I've got would be smashed to splinters by her repeated efforts to leap tall buildings at a single bound. Couldn't she just run a few miles every day? Like her mother?

Charlie's Angels brought the crisis of the hair. Really great-looking ladies had really long, long hair. She began growing hers and, at the mere mention of scissors, she turned stiff. It's still growing, in spite of my hopefully subtle reminders of how easy it is to dry short hair in the summer, after a good, healthy swim. Eventually somebody may have to walk behind her, carrying it like a train.

Last year's romance was *Three's Company*, a show which, to borrow her own descriptive term, I find particularly yucky. Not her, though. I could swear she's started to bounce and jiggle more, in imitation of those bouncing, jiggling twits, and she's certainly shown a decidedly increased interest in bikinis and short shorts.

Harry Bruce's contention that TV does as lousy a job on creating male role models as it does on female ones is true, but it's no help at all. The father as klutz, after all, is merely the perfect mate for the kitchen cutie, which is what all good little bouncers and jigglers grow up to be. Who else would have him?

Well, August may be a shambles for me, but it settles one thing for the kid. Out. Outdoors, away from The Box, for the rest of the summer, if not forever. Do an imitation of a tree, a bird, anything natural that you haven't learned about from watching it on a screen. By the time the leaves start to change color, truly, I'll try to be a more exciting role model.

Marilyn MacDonald

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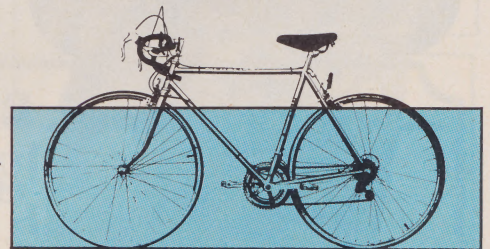
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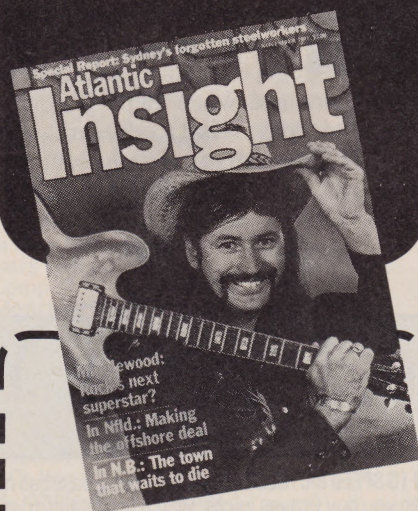
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FEEDBACK

Point Lepreau: A threat to the region

I had not thought it would ever be necessary to defend the quality of journalism which appears in your pages, but the series of letters attacking your February cover story on Point Lepreau prompts me to do just that. Jon Everett's research was excellent and confirmed what most Maritimers already suspected: That Point Lepreau is an economic disaster which threatens to become a radiological one as well. With no independent daily in New Brunswick, your publication performs an invaluable service in informing Atlantic Canadians of the dangers of New Brunswick's commitment to nuclear power. Despite protestations from the reactor's public relations officers, Point Lepreau represents a grave threat to the region. Perhaps increased public awareness will force additional safeguards and safety reviews *before* (God help us) the chain reaction within the cracked walls of Lepreau is initiated.

Elizabeth May

Margaree Harbour, N.S.

Airspace, their space

Kite-flying can be great fun (*Soaring with Kites*, Crafts, June) but can lead to words with the Ministry of Transport. The air above us does not belong to all, as a quick phone call to your local airport will tell you. The airspace belongs only to aircraft. My experience with the U.S. Weather Bureau kites (which, by the way, can reach heights of 40,000 feet and higher) caused great concern as to the legality of airspace in Canada. My advice to kite-flyers is to restrict their heights to very low altitudes, or feel the wrath of Transport Canada.

Keith Ferguson

Kentville, N.S.

Newfoundland has gymnasts, too

We're out here. We really are! Not part of the Maritimes, maybe, but still part of Atlantic Canada. And there are a whole bunch of Newfie gymnasts, coaches, parents and volunteers who weren't too happy about being totally ignored in your cover story on Atlantic gymnastics (*Here's a Sport Worth a Cartwheel or Two*, May). There are numerous gymnastics clubs in this province in Labrador City, Gander, Port aux Basques, Corner Brook and St. John's. On May 7 and 8, this province hosted the Atlantic Gymnastics Championships, and in 1983 we will be hosting the Canadian National Gymnastics Competitions. While there are few (but some, nevertheless) of our gymnasts competing at a national level, there are literally hundreds of kids involved, in one of the best-run organizations you'll find in any province. (I have worked with clubs in Ontario and British Columbia.) You might also like to know that our local CBC-TV afternoon show used the cover of your magazine as an opening shot to

introduce a program about gymnastics in the province. Needless to say, *Atlantic Insight* magazine was taken to task publicly for not including Newfoundland in its coverage.

Gerri Donovan
St. John's, Nfld.

Lots of apologies

I wish to express my appreciation of Pat Lotz's kind review of my *Masters of Sail* (*A Beach Bag of Books for Summer*, Books, June), recently republished by Petheric Press and the Nova Scotia Museum. However, I do want to point out that Keith Spicer, whom she credits as the author, is the former commissioner of official languages with the federal government and, to my knowledge, has no connection with the Maritime provinces. Also, the famed mystery vessel described in the book is the *Mary Celeste*, not the Marie Celeste.

Stanley T. Spicer
Parrsboro, N.S.

Educational TV alive and well in region

Gary Hodder's article on direct broadcasting by satellite (*More TV Choices from Outer Space*, Region, June) is noteworthy in attempting to sort out for the public the dilemma communicators and licensing bodies face today. However, I take exception to one comment: "The federal Department of Communications sees the potential demand for DBS as being heaviest in the Atlantic provinces, which have no access to either Canadian educational television or Canadian independent networks other than CTV..." I find it difficult to comprehend that the author could dismiss 20 years of educational programming produced by the CBC for the Nova Scotia Department of Education. During this time, many national and international award winning presentations have been produced, most recently, *Mi'Kmaq*. Educational TV in Canada had its experimental roots right here in the Atlantic region in good old Nova Scotia. Educational broadcasts in the academic sense include the Canadian school telecasts, and under the wide umbrella of education are *Sesame Street* with its Canadian inserts, *The Nature of Things*, *What's New* and *Spectrum* from our network. In Maritime production there's *Heritage*, *Reach for the Top*, *Portraits of the Maritimes*, *Black Insights*, *Authors* and on and on. Many of these programs and series are available to the departments of education of the three Maritime provinces for post-broadcast use by our schools.

R.G. (Gord) Smith,
CBC Regional Public Relations Manager
Halifax, N.S.

Sharing their story

Thank you for the Health article, *The Rubella Scare Returns* (March). Like the DeBaies, we are the parents of a multisensory-deprived rubella child. It is

always difficult for parents of a disabled child to share "their story." Our hearts go out to them. Perhaps, because they shared their experience and you published it, public awareness will be heightened. This is the only way rubella epidemics can be eliminated and those persons already debilitated by this virus can receive the necessary assistance in reaching their potential.

*Chuck and Cherry Bulmer
London, Ont.*

Saint John: The way it is

In *Alden Nowlan's New Brunswick (Guide to Atlantic Canada, June)*, Nowlan states that the citizens of Saint John "insist the name of their city not be abbreviated." For the information of all, the city's name was changed in 1925 from St. John to its present name to avoid the confusion with St. Johns, Que., and St. John's, Nfld. We are proud of our city and wish to have its name spelled correctly. Fredericton was once called Frederickstown, but we have adapted to that change. So let's call Saint John by its proper name and spelling, not because we insist on it, but because that is what it is.

*Mona S. Orchard
Willow Park, N.B.*

National parks policy defended

I'd like to say something in defence of our national parks policy, subject of some questioning from your contributor Paul Pross in the April issue (*Parks Are for People, Too*, Opinion). He speaks of "the enormous tracts of wilderness" when in fact the parks actually occupy only an infinitesimal part of Canada. And also the very reason for their drawing power is the fact the wilderness exists—even though only a minority of park visitors take advantage of it. Pross also mentions some of the protests that have stalled park development. I understand the reason the proposed LaHave Islands park was abandoned was that the affluent cottagers in the area just had enough drag to block the development and, incidentally, keep this beautiful area from being opened to the public. I can remember an attempt to form another park being thwarted by a group of residents who talked of their pride in their properties—a pride that certainly wasn't reflected in their strewn litter and car bodies and not in keeping with Mr. Pross's pious hope that human beings involved "can work with nature to create a pleasing landscape." As for the Vautour case, my recollection is that Vautour was offered around \$43,000 for his 114 acres, while at about the same time, a similar property I know of in Nova Scotia, with 250 acres and similar assets, went for \$8,000.

I do agree heartily with Mr. Pross's concept of what he calls cultural parks and I'm pleased to see that's been done at Peggy's Cove, Sherbrooke, New Ross, etc. But I still believe energetically in seeing the national parks mandate carried

out: "The parks are dedicated to all the people of Canada for their benefit, education and enjoyment and shall be maintained and made use of so as to leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations."

*Jack Brayley
Wallace, N.S.*

Fox killing is sickening

I have been nauseated each time I think of Mrs. Vaniderstine and her foxes (*Fox Fur Is In—and So Is Fox Farming on the Island*, P.E.I., February). How can anyone be so cruel, in a civilized country especially, to kill foxes in such a manner—for the sole purpose of style. The most sickening part was Mrs. Vaniderstine's saying she was sick for four days after seeing the killing of these animals. I certainly will never, ever buy a fur of any kind.

*M. Campbell
Willowdale, Ont.*

Knelman's whine is sour grapes

Martin Knelman's article *Let's Not Hear It for Those Beautiful Australian Movies* (Movies, May) is unfair and unclear; unfair because of the carelessly flippant tone in Mr. Knelman's claim that Australian films are simply "a constant whine" against British imperialism, and unclear because he dares "pit against the best Australia has to offer" none other than the best Canada has to offer. If Australian films are nothing special to begin with (according to Mr. Knelman),

then his boast is silly and futile. And who's whining, after all, when Mr. Knelman complains about Australia's "advantage of being far enough from American pop culture not to be swallowed up by it"? Finally, it isn't "audacity" or good salesmanship or even belief in one's country that is responsible for the success of Australian films. It's the artistry that goes into making the films, and the stories they have to tell. So, let's not cry sour grapes, for sour grapes make a bitter whine.

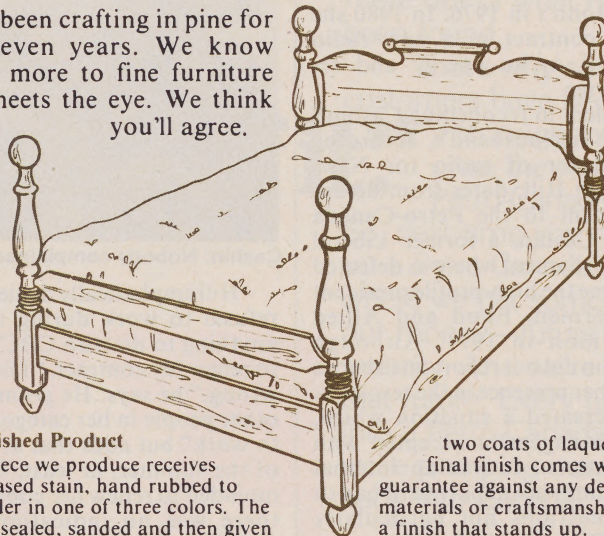
*Jim Parsons
Vancouver, B.C.*

Although I usually enjoy reading your magazine, it was with much dismay that I read Martin Knelman's article. As Mr. Knelman says, it is unfortunate that Canadian movies do not enjoy more commercial success, but I do not feel this is a valid reason to dismiss such wonderful movies as *Gallipoli*. Perhaps in the Maritimes, people who see non-American movies are considered "film-snob," but here in Vancouver we make no such distinctions. We go to movies to be entertained, and Australian movies do just that; entertain. Maybe if Mr. Knelman would stop "whining" about how poorly the Canadian film industry is treated, he might have time to enjoy the quality movies they are sending up from down under.

*Julie M. Spurrell
Vancouver, B.C.*

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Somebody's reporter...or just somebody's wife?

St. John's broadcaster Rosann Cashin lost her CBC job because management said her husband had too high a profile. She thinks there's more to it than that, and she's fighting the decision

Last summer St. John's broadcaster Rosann Cashin, like some other CBC contract employees across the country, was waiting out the strike by the corporation's technicians so that she could go back to work. This summer, the strike is long since over, but Cashin has no job. In a controversial move last September, the CBC refused to renew her contract, citing an alleged conflict between her position as a resources reporter and the appointment last July of her husband of 22 years, Richard Cashin, to the board of directors of Petro-Canada. Cashin took her case to the Canadian Human Rights Commission, claiming discrimination on the basis of marital status. They rejected her appeal this June, after an investigation, but Cashin is determined not to let the case die there. She will appeal the commission's decision to the Supreme Court of Canada in an effort to establish her right to continue her career and not to be regarded as "just somebody's wife...a chattel."

Cashin began broadcasting in 1968, serving for a time as a legislative reporter for the CTV network and joining CBC radio in St. John's in 1976. In 1980 she went under contract in a new radio resources unit as an energy and resources reporter.

The problem in reconciling Cashin's position with her husband's, according to CBC director of radio for Newfoundland Ken Hill, dates from before his appointment to the Petro-Canada board. Rick Cashin, a former Liberal member of Parliament who was defeated in 1968, became the high-profile president of the Fishermen, Food and Allied Workers' Union in 1971. Although Rosann Cashin did not report on fisheries stories at all, her presence in the resources department created a situation which, Hill says, "management accepted with some reservations. It was an internal thing. Sometimes her department had to deal with questions not particularly flattering to Rick Cashin."

Hill does add that the corporation was conscious of "no sense of public uneasiness about her objectivity. She is very good and one of our best reporters." Cashin, too, says her credibility as a reporter was never in doubt. "I don't believe CBC ever received a complaint about my objectivity," she says, "and if

they had, I'm sure I would have heard about it."

In March, 1981, Cashin's department attempted to have her trade places with consumer reporter Anne Hutchinson. According to Hill, Cashin "didn't want to do consumer reporting." Two months later members of the National Association of Broadcast Employees and Technicians (NABET) went on strike against the corporation.

Cashin, as a contract employee, refused to cross NABET picket lines. Today, she's convinced that her stand in support of the strikers, rather than her husband's activities, is what's really behind her dismissal by CBC.



Cashin: Nobody complained about her objectivity

Hill emphatically denies that Cashin's refusal to work during the strike had anything to do with CBC's decision not to renew her contract. "That is absolutely wrong," he says. He points out that "all other people in her category did come in to work" but adds that at the beginning of the summer, at least, CBC had fully intended to renew her contract, "because there was no indication that [Rick] Cashin would be appointed to Petro-Canada."

Rosann Cashin calls the argument that her husband's appointment damaged her public credibility as a resources reporter "utterly ridiculous."

"He goes to three or four directors' meetings a year, for heaven's sake," she says. "He missed the last one because he

was too busy. Most people wouldn't even have known about the appointment, much less been affected by it, until the CBC called attention to it."

She's also angry at what she sees as an inconsistency in CBC's policy on relationships between reporters' professional and personal lives. Other CBC employees, she points out, have had relationships with high-profile partners without getting the sack. Former CBC radio Ottawa bureau chief Terry Hargreaves was married to Jodi White when she was communications director for the Progressive Conservative party of Canada. Reporter and news reader Peter Mansbridge lives with Nancy Jamieson, a former aide to PC leader Joe Clark and later a member of the staff of Ontario Premier William Davis. During the 1979 federal election campaign, CBC reporter Mark Phillips was dating Suzanne Perry, press secretary to Pierre Trudeau.

The Human Rights Commission justified the other relationships Cashin cites on grounds that the wives had kept their maiden names, the couples lived in large communities or one spouse was not well known. It stated that, since most people

were unaware of the relationships, the credibility of the news organization was not endangered. Rosann Cashin doesn't buy the argument. What works in Ontario, she insists, should work in Newfoundland. "If they were permitted to go on doing their jobs, as well they should, then so should I," she says. "You know, you can't make cheese of one and chalk of the other."

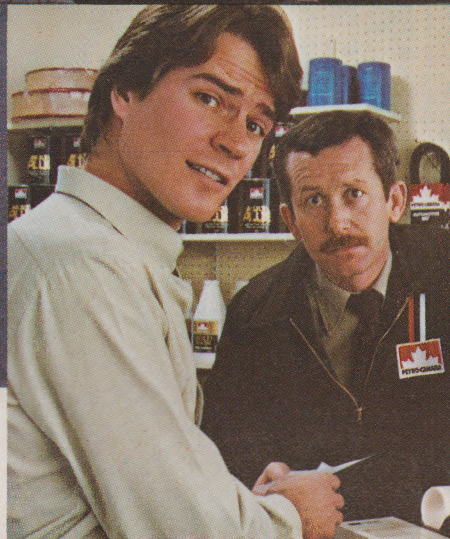
Cashin further insists that at the end of the NABET strike she went to the CBC's Hill and offered to accept re-assignment to another, possibly less touchy department. "I went through everything, even the arts section," she says, "but I was told there was nothing."

Cashin will appeal the Human Rights Commission's decision to the federal courts on the basis of her right to continue her professional career independent of the circumstances of her private life. She has received messages of support from Newfoundland's Advisory Council on the Status of Women. But she does not consider the matter a purely feminist issue.

"It's a journalist's issue," she says. "I'm a reporter, doing what I've been doing for 14 years. The question is, am I going to be given the freedom to go on doing it, or do I have to face finding some other kind of work, or no work at all? That's really the question. And that's a question that could be faced by any journalist." ☒



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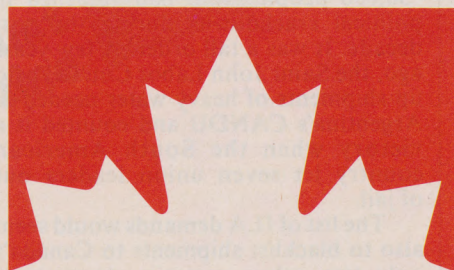
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**“I figure
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Saint John unions vs. Argentina: Round Two in the hot cargo war

The feds say it's OK to ship fuel bundles from Canada to Argentina's nuclear reactor. Longshoreman Sonny LeBlanc says he'd rather go to jail

Abel (Sonny) LeBlanc is not an elected politician like Pierre Trudeau, the prime minister, so he never had to take an oath of allegiance to the Queen. But when the Queen went to war, LeBlanc knew his duty. Trudeau's government had authorized the shipment of 3,000 Moncton-made fuel rods to a new nuclear power reactor in Argentina, the Queen's enemy. Some people fretted that Argentina planned on using a reactor by-product, plutonium, to make a nuclear bomb. LeBlanc, president of Local 273 of the International Longshoremen's Association (ILA), took his stand. The bundles, he declared, would not pass through the Port of Saint John.

His announcement at the height of the Falklands conflict between Britain and Argentina this spring made LeBlanc an instant national figure. Opposition Leader Joe Clark endorsed his stand and so did the entire Canadian labor movement. He was hailed by church, civil rights, environmental and medical groups. The Maritime Employers' Association (MEA), an organization of stevedoring companies that employs the ILA, promised to hail him too. Into court.

"Our lawyer told us if we refused to handle the shipment, we'd be breaking our agreement with the MEA," says LeBlanc. But the ILA decision was based on moral considerations, not legal. "We're prepared to pay any fines and I'm prepared to go to jail."

Combustion Engineering Superheater Ltd. of Moncton, a U.S. subsidiary company that went into full production last year, manufactured 60 tonnes of fuel bundles for Argentina's Canadian-design CANDU reactor. The 3,000 bundles represent three months' work for the 170 company employees and only an hour's work for the 600-member Local 273, one of three locals that work Saint John port. LeBlanc says his local would have voted to designate the shipment as "hot cargo" even if hostilities hadn't broken out in April over ownership of the Falkland Islands in the South Atlantic. But the war tremendously increased support for the decision.

"The publicity because of the war made everyone see what kind of government they've got down there," says LeBlanc. "They can't be trusted."

The ILA said it wouldn't work the



LeBlanc: "I'm prepared to go to jail"

shipment until Argentina elected a democratic government and formally renounced plans to build a bomb; restored civil and union rights; released all political prisoners and accounted for the "30,000 people" who had vanished in political crackdowns during the past decade. It was a tall order. A few years ago, the Saint John Labor Council held up shipments of heavy water needed in Argentina's CANDU and counted it a victory when the South American country let seven union leaders out of jail.

The list of ILA demands would seem also to blacklist shipments to Canada's only two other overseas atomic customers, South Korea and Romania, whose regimes are cut from the same repressive mould as Argentina. Korea jails political dissidents and Romania sends death squads into western Europe to silence outspoken expatriates. But

Combustion Engineering manager Ian Skinner says the Saint John ILA won't have to worry about Korea or Romania because his company didn't win this year's Korean contract, and Romania, near bankruptcy, has suspended construction of its reactor.

Elizabeth May of Margaree, N.S., was spokesman for a national convention of environmentalists in Calgary that backed the ILA. She says the root problem is that the federal government is in

the business of selling reactors. Given a choice between exercising moral leadership and conducting business, the government opts for business. Ironically, the Argentinian reactor is bad business because Canada will lose millions on the deal.

The government says it has an undertaking from Argentina not to use the Canadian reactor to make a bomb. But May says Canada has already been deceived once, by India. The CANDU technology is well suited to a bomb-maker's needs and Argentina has never denied it covets a bomb.

While Saint John was the logical port from which to ship the bundles, no one had ever announced they would be sent from there.

Skinner says the means of transportation is up to the buyer. The shipment could go from other ports or be split up and sent by air. That, in fact, is what eventually happened: At the end of June, 2,000 of the bundles left Montreal's Mirabel airport.

Skinner says Argentina has already received fuel bundles from one of his company's two central Canadian competitors, General Electric and Westinghouse, without any fuss.

The harshest words for the ILA action came from Doug Bettle, MEA manager in Saint John: "The whole thing's a sham, and they [the ILA] are looking for publicity." The comment made Bettle more unpopular among longshoremen than Leopoldo Galtieri, Argentina's former president. "It is the same type of unconsidered thinking that provokes unstable labor relations," LeBlanc says.

— Jon Everett

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Racing for love, not money

It's not gambling payoffs or prize money that gives Islanders harness-racing fever. It's something in the blood

For a few tense moments (so tense, William MacRae accidentally dumps a cup of coffee in somebody's lap), it looks as though Jolly Star might take this race. MacRae is leaning out the window of the judges' stand above the dusty, red racetrack in Pinette, P.E.I., watching his seven-year-old chestnut gelding—driven by his son—pull alongside a high-spirited black horse called Ocean Liner. But then it's all over, and it's Ocean Liner and his driver, Lester White, who are doing the victor's circle past the stand for the second time today. "Leave that horse home next time, will you?" MacRae yells. White grins, waves and heads for the stables. MacRae is grinning too. Even Ross MacPherson, the man with a lapful of hot coffee, seems to be having a good time.

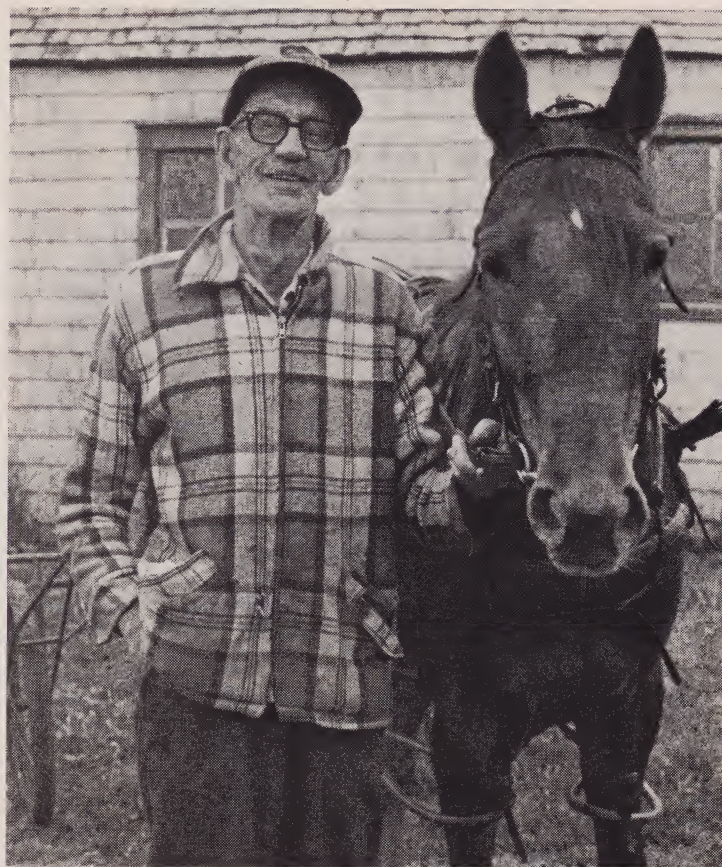
These Saturday afternoon races, on a track tucked among the trees beside a river, are just for fun. There's a track announcer and a small grandstand, but there's no betting, no prizes to speak of, no minimum speed requirement (anything with four legs can race here, MacRae says), and not much formality. ("Wait for Stanley," the track announcer booms over the public address system at one point, as the drivers line up behind the starting gate. "Stanley has to go to the barns for a minute.")

Harness racing is becoming progressively bigger, faster, more sophisticated and, sometimes, more of a business than a sport. But in this horse-crazy province—especially on country tracks like Pinette's—it's not far removed in spirit from the sport that developed generations ago, when farming neighbors got together on the river ice or a community track for a little friendly competition. As Dr. Don Ling of Charlottetown observes, it's still "a grassroots kind of movement."

Ling is past president and a present director of the Charlottetown Driving Park, which attracts about 85,000 racing fans a year. The most popular event is the Gold Cup and Saucer Race (Aug. 14), the highlight of the Maritime racing

schedule, with a purse of \$10,000. For operators of the betting tracks, who subsidize prize money with wagers, the problem with Island racing fans is that they're poor bettors—the worst in North America, Ling says. "Fans here are purists," he says. "They go to the races to watch the horses, not to bet."

The Island's love affair with horses goes back to the days when the horse was the most important member of the farm team. "They were great horses in those days," MacRae says. "You could harrow



MacRae and Jolly Star: Never without a horse

with them all day and drive them all night." At one time, there was a network of more than a dozen tracks across the Island; as early as 1888, 10,000 people attended an important race in Summerside. The horse population declined sharply in the Fifties, with the arrival of cars and tractors, and many of the country tracks also disappeared.

In the past decade, horsemen have been reviving the country tracks (currently five), and the number of Standardbred horses has increased about 40% to an estimated 2,600, valued at

more than \$7 million. Paul MacKinnon of Clyde River, one of about 550 Standardbred owners and a director of the U.S. Trotting Association, says the calibre also has risen. "We're importing better breeding stock," he says, "and the horses are getting faster. The times are improving."

As Ling observes, the Island's impact on racing is far out of proportion to its size. Islanders win about half the purse money at Atlantic Sire Stake races, which are held at eight major Maritime tracks, involve Maritime-bred colts and fillies and are designed to encourage improved breeding. "We breed half the horses in the Maritimes, and more than our share of the best," he says. The best hope for the future, Ling maintains, is to concentrate on producing first class trotters and pacers on the Island, thereby boosting the sport and the Island economy. "It can't be just a hobby," he says. "I think we can become exporters of horseflesh."

It's an expensive hobby. A topnotch trotter or pacer costs \$35,000 to \$40,000, a mediocre one, \$3,000 to \$4,000, and for \$1,500 you can buy "something a little better than the fellow on the meatwagon," MacKinnon says. Hiring a trainer costs \$50 to \$70 a week; board about \$4 a day. Despite inflation, purses at the major tracks haven't increased in 30 years. "The goal of most people is to break even," MacKinnon says. Most lose money. According to a 1979 study by the provincial Department of Agriculture, race winnings amount to about \$2,000 a horse and expenses, about \$4,800 a horse. It doesn't seem to matter.

"The horses are something to fall back on," says H.B. Willis, a businessman-farmer whose horses compete in some of the top races in North America. "It's something to take the pressure off the business we're in—a crutch." Willis, who runs one of the Island's biggest potato farms, no longer drives at the track, but he's often out in the jogging cart first thing in the morning.

William MacRae no longer drives, either: He lost the sight of one eye, and he's afraid he might run over somebody. But he helped start the Pinette track and has helped run it for 20 years. And he's never in his life been without a horse. As his friendly adversary, Lester White, observes, "It's in the blood, I guess. It's in the blood." ☒

DAVID NICHOLS

An outspoken mayor takes on a tough, new job

Quick, now. What has Nova Scotia's Advisory Council on the Status of Women done in the past five years? Not much? Francene Cosman just might change all that

For a while, it looked as though Francene Cosman, the new president of the Nova Scotia Advisory Council on the Status of Women, couldn't find a spare moment for a magazine interview. In the next two days, she explained on the phone, she had to attend a beauty pageant, a baseball tournament and a pancake breakfast in Bedford and address a graduating class of nurses in Halifax. Finally, she found a free spot in her impossible schedule—nine o'clock on a Friday night. This summer, Cosman, 41, is holding down two full-time jobs: As council president and, until the October civic elections, as mayor of Bedford, Halifax's northern neighbor. On one typically hectic day, a Halifax newspaper ran three photographs of her at three different ceremonies.

Despite 16-hour days Cosman looks bright and fresh sitting in her cheery living room in the woodsy subdivision of Bedford Village. She describes her new job as "a new challenge." That may be a bit of an understatement. If she's to make the council a success, she'll need all the energy and enthusiasm she can muster.

In its five-year history, the provincially funded council has done little for Nova Scotia women. Cosman says she didn't even know it existed until a couple of years ago; its low profile, she says, may be its biggest problem. But the council also has lacked political clout, been plagued by government red tape and internal bickering and drawn criticism about political appointments to its ranks.

Elizabeth Crocker, its first president, is hard-pressed to come up with council accomplishments. (It did help bring about the Matrimonial Property Act two years ago.) She resigned after 10 months on the job. Cosman, the fourth president in five years, says the fact that she hasn't been involved in women's issues and knows little about the council's past may be a plus. "I have no preconceived ideas."

As soon as possible, she wants to meet with Nova Scotia women's groups to discuss their concerns. Elizabeth Roscoe, a former council president, found that tough. Although the council is in a position to advise the government, she says, it's hard to reach women. When she did, she often found their problems—

such as unemployment insurance and old-age pensions—were outside provincial jurisdiction.

Both Crocker and Roscoe found the job thankless and unrewarding. "I don't think the council should exist," Crocker says. It's not that women have achieved equality in society. But the province would do better, she says, to inject funds earmarked for the council—nearly \$250,000 this year—directly into programs for women. Some people say that the federal and provincial advisory councils, hatched in the heady days after the 1970 federal Royal Commission on the Status of Women and International Women's Year in 1975, have outlived



DAVID NICHOLS

Cosman: "I never fudge the issues"

their usefulness. Roscoe disagrees. Now that the council has a full-time leader (Roscoe's successor, Dr. Florence Wall, became the first full-time president two years ago but resigned after 13 months for health reasons), it may have a chance to effect change. With a qualified person such as Cosman at the helm, Roscoe says, "I wouldn't say, 'Give up,' yet."

When Cosman and her family lived in Dartmouth, she gained a reputation as the neighborhood person who'd speak up about zoning or highway problems. Her move into politics seemed natural to her friends, if not to her. "They knew I was targeted," she says. "I never thought I'd be involved." Born in Windsor, Ont., Cosman was a "very shy" child with little

confidence. She wanted to study medicine, but her parents said no; she'd just get married, have babies and forget her career, they argued. As a result, she settled for nursing. In the early Sixties, she went to New York City for post-graduate studies and joined the black civil rights movement. Then she supported her husband, David, through three years as an engineering student at the University of New Brunswick in Fredericton.

Cosman plunged into politics unexpectedly. When the Cosmans and their then pre-school-aged children, Lara, 12, and Andrea, 11, moved to Bedford eight years ago, she felt "very committed to being at home" with them. Then, a landfill project "1,200 feet from my door" threatened to pollute a nearby lake where the Cosmans and their neighbors swam. Cosman organized a citizens' group to oppose it. Eventually, as a result of the group's persistent lobbying, the authorities changed the proposed landfill location.

From there, an issue-oriented Cosman climbed the municipal ladder: Two years on the now-defunct Bedford Service Commission, which provided local services before Bedford became a town; three years on Halifax County council, which now represents 20 municipal districts outside Halifax. The next step was fighting for town status for Bedford.

Arguing Bedford's case at public hearings four years ago, Cosman told of problems, persuading fellow councillors—who represented mostly rural districts—to allot funds for projects in her urban community. "God help me if I can't be a super saleswoman," she said.

She is. Despite groans from Halifax County about the loss of a major tax base, and worries about whether Bedford could swing it financially, she sold incorporation to the Public Utilities Board, and Bedford became a town on July 1, 1980. "She will be one of the great mayors in the history of Bedford," Premier John Buchanan said at the celebration.

Understandably, Cosman's daughters consider her new job a comedown. "I've raised them to be independent thinkers," she says, referring to their difficulty in seeing that women still have hurdles to jump. Cosman wants the council to study such issues as child pornography, increasing violence against women in films, the shortage of women in politics and the problems of preparing for technological change in the workplace. "I don't think the problems facing women are any less today," she says. "There's a whole new crop."

Nobody who knows Francene Cosman doubts that she'll bring them to the attention of the government that appointed her. "I never fudge the issues," she says. "I'm not known for having my mouth closed."

— Roma Senn

John Huard: The Axeman cometh

As coach of the Acadia Axemen, he's shaped the winningest football team in Canadian college play. When it came to choosing a head coach for the new Halifax-Dartmouth Canadian Football League franchise team, he won hands down. Is he worried about the transition to the pros? Not much. Football, he says, is a simple game

*By Marilyn MacDonald
Research by Jim Prime and
Peter Spurway*

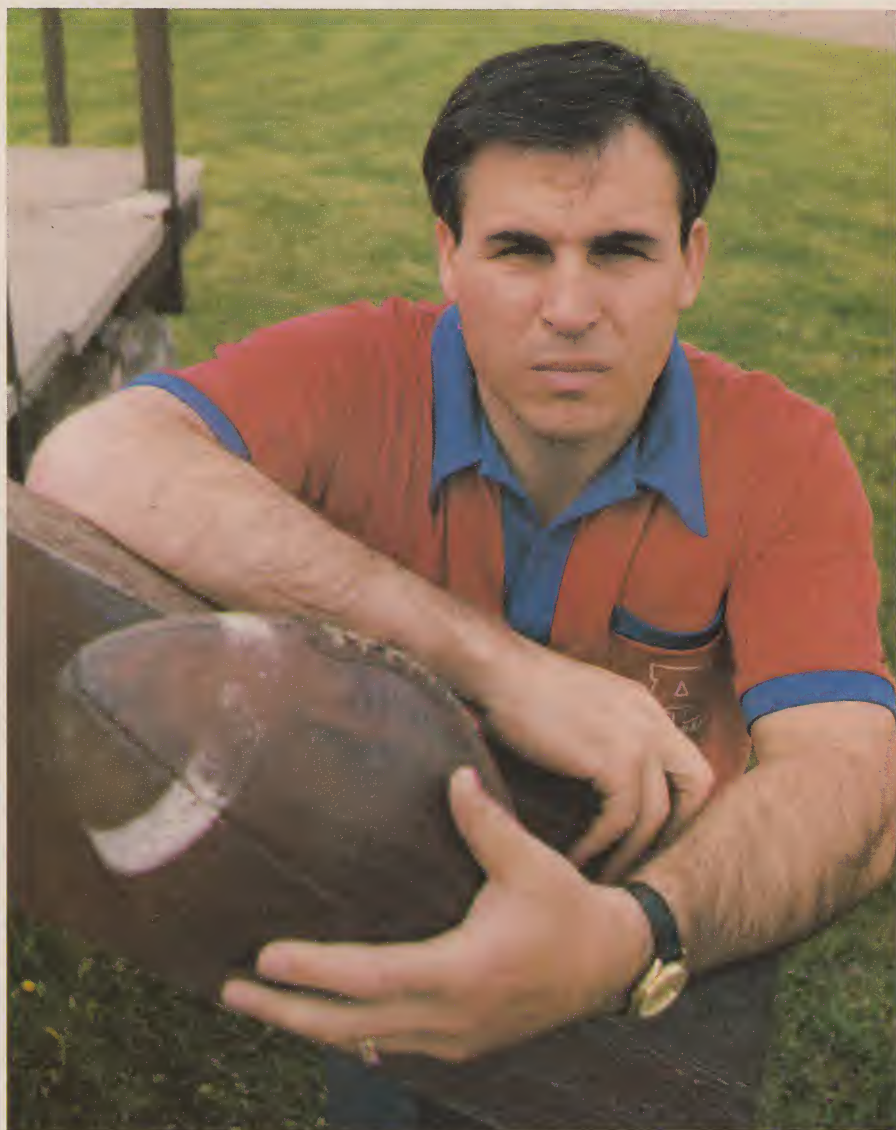
At six feet, 218 pounds, he was judged light for a linebacker by the scout from the Denver Broncos of the National Football League. But the scout saw other things to admire in the University of Maine senior, back in the mid-Sixties. And the scout was, and is, a betting man.

"I thought that pound for pound, he was the best linebacker I had ever seen in college football," he says. "There was no question in my mind that he would be a superior professional, so we drafted him in the fifth round of the NFL lottery despite his questionable size."

J.I. Albrecht, the scout, was right about John Huard, the football player. Huard went on to become starting middle linebacker, then defensive captain of the Broncos, and to brief stints with the Canadian Football League's Montreal Alouettes and Toronto Argonauts, before injuries and surgery ended his playing career and brought him, eventually, to Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley as football coach at Acadia University.

Almost 20 years later, Albrecht is still gambling, but the stakes are higher. As consultant to the Maritime Professional Football Club Ltd., he's committed to bringing a newly granted CFL franchise to the area by 1984. Despite the misty puffs of optimism that float out of the man, perhaps in place of the smoke from his ever-present unlit cigars, the future of the project is far from assured. So far, the club has the franchise, a clutch of impressive local names on its board of directors list, and Albrecht's enthusiasm. Between now and the summer of 1984 it must sign a team guaranteed to produce the kind of excitement that will draw fans from all over the region to the Halifax-Dartmouth area and, maybe hardest of all, build a 30,000-seat football stadium in the midst of some of the toughest economic times ever faced in the Atlantic provinces.

The club has another thing going for it. There has never been any doubt in Albrecht's mind that if and when the blocks are swept away and, on a sunny day two years off, 30,000 screaming fans come to their feet as the first-ever Atlantic regional CFL team trots onto its home field for the first time, only one man could be there as its head coach. The future of the franchise is enveloped in



ALBERT LEE

Huard: In the gamble on whether professional football will work here, he's the sure thing

east coast fog. But in this gambler's game, John Huard is the one sure thing.

Huard, a native of Waterville, Me., arrived at Acadia in 1979. Nine years earlier, a knee operation while he was still playing with Denver had banished him to the sidelines. The team traded him to the New Orleans Saints who released him after he tore his Achilles tendon. Further injury to his knee ended his playing days in the NFL and, after tries with the CFL's Montreal and Toronto teams, he was considering an executive job with a Texas aviation company, when he heard about the

coaching job at Acadia.

What he found when he arrived was no football-factory town. Yet, in two years, within the incongruously well-manicured, parklike surroundings of the Valley campus, he created the finest college football program in Canada. Since 1979, the Acadia Axemen have won three consecutive Atlantic Universities Football Conference titles and two national championships. Their near-perfect over-all record is 27 wins, three losses.

Huard himself has been named coach of the year twice in the AUFC. Last year,

the Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union named him Canadian coach of the year. It was an obvious choice: He had merely put together an undefeated regular season, disposed of St. Francis Xavier and Mount Allison universities in the playoffs, steamrolled the Queens Golden Gaels 40-14 in the Atlantic Bowl and, finally, overpowered the highly favored University of Alberta Golden Bears in a thrilling last-minute finish to the College Bowl final, played at Toronto's Varsity Stadium.

Alberta led 12-11 with two minutes and 35 seconds to go, and Acadia 75 yards from the goal line. With a crowd of 11,875 and a national TV audience watching, quarterback Steve Repic, not especially regarded as a passer, threw three complete passes to Prince Edward Island native Don Clow and one to Brian Fraser, moving the ball to Alberta's 21-yard line. Rookie running back Quentin (Snoopy) Tynes, a product of Halifax's Queen Elizabeth High School, ran the ball 19 more yards to the Alberta

two, then exploded into the end zone led by a six-foot-one, 235-pound former All-Canadian fullback Larry Priestnall. Little Acadia (student population, 3,000) had defeated Alberta (student population, 20,000) 18-12 to win their second Vanier Cup in three years.

Albrecht is fond of quoting his mentor, Brigadier-General Robert Neyland of the University of Tennessee, on what makes a good coach. It is, he says, "90% material. Eight percent is breaks in the game, weather and injuries. And 2% is genius." As he is also fond of telling anyone who asks, or even anyone who doesn't, 38-year-old Huard is "the best young coach in the game today."

Why?

"John is a unique person. He is articulate, intelligent, a brilliant teacher, strategist and tactician. He is a disciplinarian but not a martinet. He is the consummate coach."

Whatever the mix of elements that go into making up Huard's brand of skill, one thing is certain. They're not of the locker-room histrionic, yah-guys-let's-win-this-one-for-the-Gipper style enshrined by Hollywood. Essentially, his philosophy is classic, even purist, a process of simplification and reduction of the game to its basis.

"Football is basically a simple game," he says. "Many coaches try to make it more than it is. They think football is a game of strategic manoeuvres. Not really. It's a game of people, the players' unit. It's a game of action and reaction."

Which is not to say he hasn't mastered the intricacies of the game or that he isn't tempted sometimes to add more sophisticated offensive and defensive plays. He tries to resist, to remember it's the people who count. "You have to look at your personnel," he says, "the people you have and their physical capabilities as well as their mental capabilities and see what you can really utilize to make them effective and productive. The challenge is to constantly see if you can continue to simplify the systems and yet encourage the youngsters to want to learn, to want to know more and to progress."

Fine and dandy for freshman youngsters on a small-town college football field. But what about the CFL, a professional football league whose wide-open passing style doesn't seem to augur well for the success of Huard's running game. In the first place, he doesn't agree with the label. "I believe in a balanced attack," he says. "People say, 'You ran the ball 85% of the time last year, how can you say balanced attack?' Having a balanced attack means no more than that you have the capability of doing either. At Acadia we run the ball first and establish a running game and that will set up the passing game."

At a breakfast meeting before last year's College Bowl, Ralph Sazio, president and general manager of the Toronto Argonauts, asked Huard how he would handle pro athletes. Huard's answer, according to Albrecht, "was pure John."



ELIZABETH VERMEULEN

Huard with college star Steve Repic: He instils confidence in players



ALBERT LEE

Albrecht (left) and Doval: Puffs of optimism but, so far, no team

COVER STORY

'No different than I handle my Acadia football players.' And Huard sticks to his conviction. "You're dealing with better personnel and more skills, that's all," he says. "I'll try to remember what it was like to be a player and how you like to be treated but at the same time I know what level a player has to be at mentally and physically to play the game."

Early in 1981, months before Huard's Axemen lugged home the Vanier Cup from Toronto, the off-and-on rumble of a possible CFL expansion into the Atlantic area began reverberating again. Ho hum. Nothing people in the Halifax-Dartmouth area hadn't heard before, usually from someone long on hope but short on specific plans. But this time, it seems, things were different. By the summer of 1981, Albrecht, a longtime advocate of CFL expansion into the region as well as a former general manager of the Montreal Alouettes and director of football operations with Toronto Argonauts, got together with John Donoval, a trucking company owner with extensive business interests in the Halifax-Dartmouth area. By March, 1982, Albrecht and Donoval publicly announced their intention to go for it.

To draw together a group of local supporters, they first consulted Senator Keith Davey. He told them to contact Dartmouth businessman and broadcaster C. Arnie Patterson, and he put together the group of 10 directors introduced to the public at a press conference held at a Dartmouth tavern, owned by Patterson, last April. The star roster of locals twinkled with names long associated with raising private money in the area for causes ranging from charities to university sports complexes, from arts organizations to hospitals. Whether they could do it all for football remained to be seen. But they knew where the piggy banks were stowed. The ceremony featured a presentation to CFL commissioner Jake Gaudaur of the club's 84-page application, masterminded by Albrecht and complete with demographic studies, possible stadium locations, weather analyses and proof of financial backing. (A \$1.5-million entry fee is required, including a non-refundable \$25,000 deposit, also presented to Gaudaur at the meeting.)

In May, Albrecht, Donoval, a clutch of the club's

directors and Dartmouth's super booster mayor, Daniel Brownlow, flew to Regina to move the courtship of the CFL commissioners toward the final stages of seduction. Albrecht and Donoval held a news conference, answering questions about everything from the weather ("second only to Vancouver") to the name of the team ("haven't made any decision or commitments on that"). At

"So far, the club has the franchise....Between now and the summer of 1984 it must sign a team...and, maybe hardest of all, build a 30,000-seat football stadium in the midst of some of the toughest economic times ever faced in the Atlantic provinces"

almost exactly the same time, in Halifax, a speaker at the first Atlantic Journalism Awards dinner waggishly proposed that the team be called the Halifax-Dartmouth Ferries.

Things were supposed to be wrapped up by noon on May 13. Club officials met with the CFL's board of directors for 25 minutes in the morning, but it was late afternoon before a drawn, tired-looking but smiling Donoval paraded behind Jake Gaudaur into a news conference, led by a Highland piper. The league had granted approval in principle to the new franchise and had appointed a three-man feasibility committee to work

with the new group and to ensure that progress was being made satisfactorily toward a kickoff in 1984. The strings attached to the approval included a provision that the club must show "reasonable evidence" of construction of the 30,000-seat stadium by July, 1983.

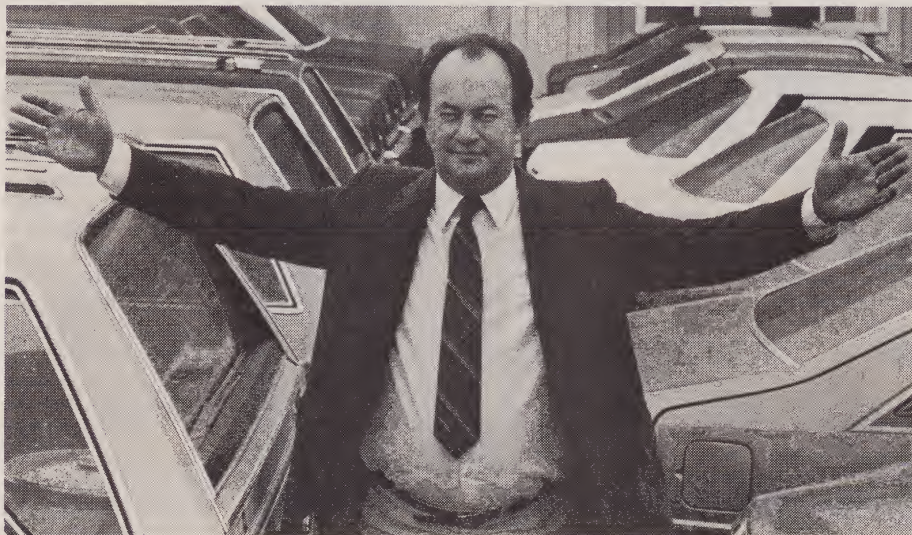
The question marks that hang over the stadium are site and cost. Site is easier. Three locations are being considered, two more consistently than the third, all in Dartmouth. Businessman and club director John Gwynne-Timothy says he's "totally flexible as to locations providing that there is good accessibility to and from, and good parking."

The eventual cost of building the stadium is a slipperier ball to handle. What everyone seems to agree on is that the structure will be a basic, no-frills economy model. What no one seems to agree on is how much it will cost and who'll pay. The estimates range from Albrecht's contention that you can build the stadium for under \$9 million to a top estimate of \$15-million-plus.

Settling the final figure may prove easy compared with settling who'll put up the bucks. Some observers believe the whole scheme will be impossible without a significant contribution of public money. And, in the face of Atlantic Canada's currently bleak economic picture, it's a brave man who'd suggest that—publicly, at least. Already, MLA Paul MacEwan, who represents the unemployment-scarred riding of Cape Breton Nova, has warned the provincial government against entering into any cost-sharing agreement with "these mad adventures" merely "to reimburse the big-hearted moguls of professional football for allowing their castoffs to be shipped east."

Gwynne-Timothy won't say whether public funds will be sought: "To my knowledge there has been no request to any government agency looking for support, not to say that it won't come, down the road, but at this point there has been none." The current plan calls for a multi-purpose stadium which will feature rock concerts and evangelistic rallies as well as football.

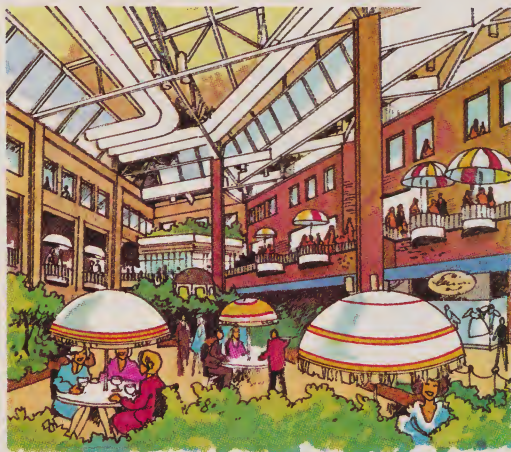
Club officials are understandably much more willing to talk about the economic benefits a successful CFL team would bring to the region. Halifax stands to benefit most, regardless of the location of the stadium, since the provincial capital



Car salesman, club director Gwynne-Timothy: Exciting is the word



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COVER STORY

has most of the restaurants, night spots and hotels. But officials say the spinoffs for both cities could be substantial. "Initially I see a lot of employment in construction of a stadium," Gwynne-Timothy says. "I see future employment of public relations people, advertising and organizational people. I see radio people getting involved. I see communications people getting involved in transporting people to football games. I see the taxi business improving. I see restaurant business improving on weekends. I see shopping centres thriving. All this can be derived from the football." Maybe.

If—and it may be the biggest if of all—the team is able to draw on a sufficiently large block of solid fan support.

Can the area support a professional football team? The optimistic Donoval says, "I think the biggest obstacle that we will have to overcome is not being able to accommodate all the fans who will want to come to the ballpark." Gwynne-Timothy is only slightly less enthusiastic. "I know that if pro sport comes to Halifax-Dartmouth that we will have total support from our community," he says. "It's the first time ever that we've had a totally number one pro-

fessional team."

Both men point to a survey conducted by Patterson's CFDR radio station in which 600 families in the metropolitan area were contacted; 43% said they would attend some games and 15% said they would become season-ticket subscribers.

Officials plan to promote the team as a regional attraction, like the New England Patriots of the NFL or Saskatchewan Roughriders of the CFL. "It's an Atlantic provinces franchise, that's what it is," Albrecht says, "and we're hopeful that it would attract people from as far away as it takes to have a good weekend trip and get back."

To survive, the team must have a large, dependable core of support in Halifax-Dartmouth. It should also draw well from the Annapolis Valley, the Truro and New Glasgow area and the South Shore. Officials are also counting heavily on a surge of football fever in southern New Brunswick.

But don't pro football fans in the Maritimes, most of them dependent on TV for their seasonal fix, tend to support the NFL style of play? Donoval thinks they can be won over to the Canadian game. "It's a much more exciting game," he says. "We play on virtually twice the acreage; we score more points per game; we complete more passes per game; we attain more yardage per pass, even though we only have the three downs."

Ticket prices should be competitive with those in other CFL cities. "I think that your average ticket prices will be \$12," Gwynne-Timothy says, "but I think that between the 50-yard lines, for example, they might run \$18 to \$20. That would make a season ticket about \$120 to \$140."

But will it fly? It really comes down to one thing: The team, and the amount of excitement it's able to generate on the field. Conventional wisdom in professional sport says that an expansion franchise must wallow in the turgid pools of ineptness during its early years. Witness the New York Mets of the early Sixties and the Toronto Blue Jays up to this year. Neither Huard nor Albrecht will accept mediocrity, even in the early stages. "There's no reason why we can't be a contender immediately," Huard says. The relentlessly imaginative Albrecht, barely pausing for breath in his prediction of a Grey Cup for the team in its first year, announces, "The club will prove to be the most competitive and successful in the circuit in record time."

With the present structure of the expansion, a respectable team isn't so far-fetched, especially in the CFL's troubled Eastern Conference. Under the proposed draft, each of the nine existing CFL teams must leave unprotected at least two Canadians and two imports. A quarterback must be one of those left unprotected. The new team has been

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promised first pick in each round of the 1984 draft and will have the Atlantic area as its exclusive recruiting domain. Much will depend on Albrecht's network of contacts across the continent. (He is also agent to several Acadia Axemen, past and present, as well as other former Maritime college stars.) Gwynne-Timothy feels that the all-important first step is to give the fans "a well-coached, progressive team. Exciting, I guess is the word. You need an exciting team." Which hands off neatly to one man: John Huard.

Huard has an outstanding ability to instill confidence in players. And he has something else going for him. He not only comes to play. He comes to win.

"John is a very thorough coach," says Doug Mitchell, coach of the Mount Allison Mounties. "You know that his team is going to do certain things and he says, 'Stop us from doing them,' and if you don't, you lose."

Saint Mary's University head coach Al Keith, who took his Huskies to a Canadian title in 1973 and is himself a former Canadian coach of the year, likes the idea of having a Canadian college coach in the CFL. "John now appreciates Canadian intercollegiate football," Keith says. "He certainly appreciates the value of the Canadian athlete in the CFL more so than these people who come in the first year from wherever in the U.S."

John Musselman of St. F.X. calls Huard "an outstanding coach. His teams are extremely well disciplined and well prepared. More importantly, they do not make mistakes, which eliminates the chance of them beating themselves."

When Huard came to Acadia in 1979 he inherited a team which, under Bob Vespaziani, now an assistant coach with the Winnipeg Blue Bombers, had been to the College Bowl in 1976 and again in 1977, returning both times without the Vanier Cup. "Seventy-nine was difficult," Huard says, "in the sense that a good number of youngsters had been there before in '76 and '77 and had lost, and the hardest part was getting them to believe they could win—which they did."

One game from that championship season stands out for him. "We were trailing UNB 32-3 and we had to come back and win it," he remembers. "I don't ever remember a game being that lopsided and being down by that many points, for a team to come back on any level, at any time. It's unheard of, especially with nine minutes to go and down by 29 points—and then to win it!" Final score: Acadia 33, UNB 32.

Huard's teams don't operate on a star system. He recruits looking for winners: Selfless, committed winners, special individuals, big enough to accept support roles. Team players. Acadia recruits extensively, but selectively, in the Atlantic region and elsewhere. In 1981, 1,700 high school players were contacted but only 17 were brought in.

"I'm looking for the type of kid who wants perhaps the biggest challenge he's ever been associated with in his life," he says. "I try to discourage them. I don't make promises we can't keep. I tell them up front that if they come to Acadia I'll go out next year and try to find someone better than they are." His method of selecting professionals for the new CFL team will be no different. "You have to very carefully evaluate the people you bring into the organization," he says.

If the pressures of publicity and high expectations sit ill on Huard's shoulders at this point, it doesn't show. In early summer, he goes about the off-season duties of a college football coach methodically, and looks toward the 1982-83

season, the last in his current contract with Acadia.

Meanwhile, in offices and boardrooms, in restaurants and clubs, the directors of the Maritime Professional Football Club Ltd. go about their own duties—polishing the contacts, making the phone calls, greasing the wheels—and look toward 1983-84.

And J.I. Albrecht, the tireless schemer, schemes on. The timing of Huard's contract at Acadia fits well with his master plan. Another league title, maybe. Nice. A third national crown, very nice. "It would be ideal for a coach to win it again and then make the transition to the pros," he says, with a smile. ☒

The taste of authenticity.

FOLKS

When Newfoundland-born **Walter Learning** was running Theatre New Brunswick from 1968 to 1978, he admits he was a "pain in the ass" to the people who dispense largesse from the Canada Council. Then he went over the hill and became the Canada Council officer who supplies the millions of dollars to Canada's theatres. Now, after four years in the post, Learning, 44, has assumed a new, if more familiar, role—artistic director of the Vancouver Playhouse Theatre Company. Learning originally left TNB for a two-year stint with the Canada Council, then re-enlisted, but this year the itch to return to the footlights overwhelmed him. He regards working in Vancouver, which has several theatres, as just the challenge he's been looking for, and he's signed a three-year contract with the 20-year-old Playhouse. A native of Quidi Vidi, "Canada's easternmost community," Learning established himself as an imaginative theatre producer while establishing the Fredericton-based TNB. He also wrote plays with Alden Nowlan, a Fredericton writer. The pair continued to collaborate after Learning left TNB, and their latest play, *Svengali*, will be broadcast in October on CBC Radio and the BBC in Britain. Learning says his experience in Ottawa on the other side of the Canada Council cheque-book has made him realize that his "pain in the ass" approach for funds from the federal agency was less than sophisticated. So he plans a dramatic change in Vancouver. From now on, he says, he'll be a sophisticated pain.

Physiotherapy students **John Kalina**, **Rob MacDonald** and **Brian Tomie** have solved their student unemployment problem for this summer. Halifax Rickshaw Services, their company, picks up and deposits tourists along the Halifax waterfront seven days a week, in manually driven rickshaws. Kalina, 29, who worked previous summers as a recreation director, approached his two friends with the idea last Christmas. "I thought it would be unique, something tourists would really go for," he says. MacDonald, 22, left lifeguarding and Tomie, 23, threw in his tennis towel to join Kalina. With direction and guidance from the City of Halifax Planning Department and the Tourism and Convention Centre, the wheels were in motion. Atlantic Sulkeys in P.E.I. built three, two-seater rickshaws with racing sulky wheels, each weighing about 75 pounds. The drivers went on a rigorous exercise and diet program, weightlifting six mornings a week and running in Halifax's Point Pleasant Park. Good running shoes have been a must. Kalina calls their uniforms "Chinese, North-American": Baggy, black, operating room-type pants, white T-shirts, bright red suspenders and headbands. If the

season is successful, they'll rent the rickshaws to other physiotherapy students in the future. The business is "open to females, too," Kalina says, "if you can find them husky enough."

When **Jodie Friesen** took over the role of Miss Moncton in *Skin Deep*, one of the new musicals at the Charlottetown Festival this summer, she already had some experience as a beauty queen. Friesen, 25, whose parents run an antique shop in Victoria, P.E.I., was campus queen at her high school in Ottawa when her family lived there about 10 years ago. "It's so neat," Friesen says, "because I keep hearing lines in *Skin Deep* about things that happened then—such as the girls being interviewed about controversial issues and getting into hot water." Friesen, who now lives in Toronto, began her show business career as a folk-singer in the Seventies at the University of P.E.I. and local coffee houses. Her theatre debut was in 1974, when she applied for a job backstage at the Festival and ended up onstage in a lunchtime theatre production of *The Rehearsal*. Since then, she's performed as a singer-actress in several Canadian cities. This summer, she's appearing for the first time on Confederation Centre's main stage—the biggest theatre she's performed in so far. It is, she says, "a really big deal." She's in two main stage plays, *Skin Deep* and *Singin' and Dancin' Tonight*, which gives her a chance to show off her versatility, wear the kind of costumes "I've never even dreamed of" and play "a wonderful character who's got great songs." For Friesen, this year's Festival is a major break. "If I never did anything else onstage again," she says, "I'd be fulfilled."

What looks like Mork's TV spaceship, has a down-to-earth purpose and is built for the sea? The answer, as everyone in Anse Bleu, N.B., near Caraquet,



Friesen: A beauty queen plays a beauty queen

knows, is the egg-shaped lifeboat that **Vincent Theriault** hatched in his backyard. Theriault, a 32-year-old former seaman, invented this enclosed lifeboat because he believes conventional models aren't safe enough. "Ninety-nine percent of men who go to sea tell me that they think mine would be safer," he says. Theriault conceived his design after an oil rig sank in the North Sea two years ago, built a small-scale model after the Ocean Ranger rig sank off Newfoundland this year. The boat would be five feet high, six feet wide and 12 feet long, and would hold eight people. In an emergency, seamen would enter, strap themselves into seats and pull the hatch. The boat would then be ejected into the water where it would bob upright, even in heavy seas. The lifeboat would feature a snorkel, vacuum compressor and pump system to let air in and keep water out, an electrical generator, toilet, anchor, flares and a radio. Theriault says occupants "could remain in the boat until

DAVID NICHOLS

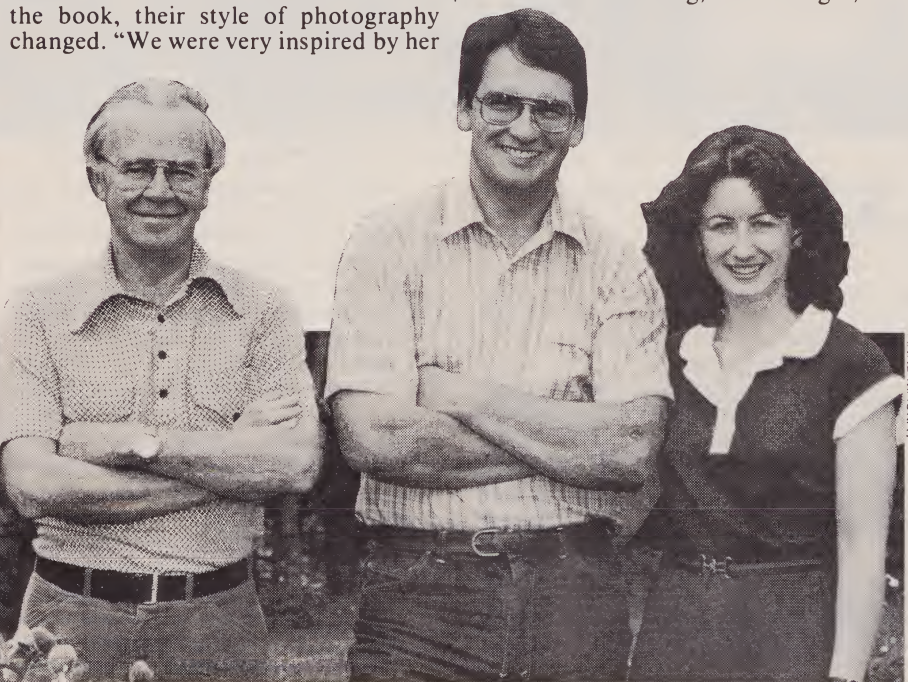
their food and water ran out." In calm seas, they could lift the hatch and fish. Theriault is now trying to develop his lifeboat for production. "A lifeboat with 40 men on board can capsize and you can lose everyone," he says. "That can't happen with mine."

A funny thing happened to P.E.I. photographers **Anne MacKay** and **Wayne Barrett** in the process of shooting a new book of words and photos on the Island: They spent so much time studying the work of L.M. Montgomery, whose reflections on the Island form the text of the book, their style of photography changed. "We were very inspired by her

work," Barrett says. "She talked in terms of stuff like the essence and quality of light, and she made us much more aware of nature and the simple things around us." *Spirit of Place*, released this summer, consists of 50 quotations from Montgomery's letters, edited by Island historian **F.W.P. Bolger**, and 87 photographs that illustrate the text. This is the fourth book for Barrett, who lives with MacKay on a farm in St. Catherines, using an old piggery as a studio. Barrett says the team worked "night and day" for the past year, studying the Montgomery quotations and searching, with Bolger, for

scenes representing the Island Montgomery knew and loved so well. Often, they'd shoot early in the morning or late in the evening—the times the author used to love to walk in the countryside.

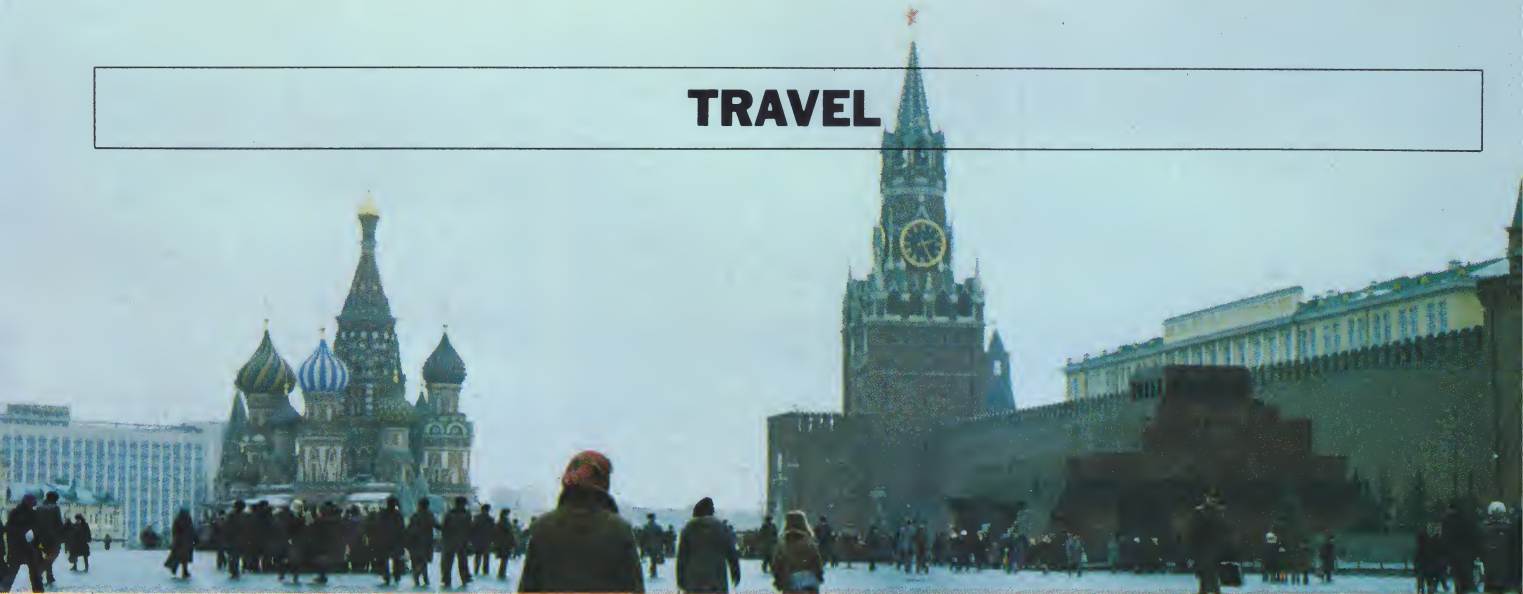
What do a government official, an engineer, a university vice-president and a car dealership owner have in common? Dixieland jazz, that's what. When the **Dixitech Seven** formed 15 years ago, the members were all on faculty at the Technical University of Nova Scotia (TUNS). Today, only three charter members remain but the band's popularity has grown steadily. Beginning as an act in the annual student variety show, they now play for national conventions, harbor cruises and dinner dances. Dr. Nelson Ferguson, group spokesman, is chief banjo plucker and vice-president of administration at TUNS. "We book our own gigs," he says of the band, which performs year-round. They have also performed on CBC-TV's *Canadian Express*, and proceeds from an early album were donated to a local senior citizens' housing project. In red and white striped shirts and navy slacks (straw boaters were discarded because they were too warm), the group "has more fun than the crowd does," says Art Irwin, group drummer and employee of the Department of Mines and Energy. Last year, TUNS chartered an Air Canada L-1011 jet for a national alumni reunion in Toronto. Irwin says, "We're probably the only group in Canada to play Dixieland at 30,000 feet." Everything was going smoothly until the captain insisted that the band return to their seats. "The conga line down the aisle was upsetting his navigation of the plane." ☒



Bolger, Barrett and MacKay: In the footsteps of L.M. Montgomery



Front row, Nelson Ferguson, John Dodge, Wint Sparling, back, Al Creelman, Ron Gilkie, Artie Irwin. (Absent: Bill Wallace)



Red Square: One of Russia's most awesome sights

PHOTOS BY CHRIS BRUUN/MASTERFILE

Back in the U.S.S.R.

Don't expect a totally relaxing vacation, but do expect the experience of a lifetime. Mother Russia, with one of the world's richest stores of historic buildings, art and cultural treats, has a lot to offer. Including her people

By Marion Kane

Our feet slap the wet, black cobbles of Moscow's Red Square. It is 1 a.m. and, on this last day of our whirlwind tour of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics—Mother Russia—we have come back for a last glimpse of one of this country's most awesome sights. The lights that brighten the square at night have just been turned off. On one side loom the turrets of the Kremlin; on the other, St. Basil's Cathedral, with its glimmering gold and multicolored cupolas, is only half visible.

We walk across the square and stop at the Lenin Mausoleum, temporarily closed to the public while his body is away for re-embalming. As we stare at the two motionless guards who flank the entrance to the elevated red and black granite tomb, bayonets in hand, the steps of two black leather-clad policemen break the eerie silence. Back on the tour bus, which by now feels like home, no one speaks as we slowly wind our way back to the hotel along the city's noiseless, deserted boulevards.

This is my second time in the Soviet Union. The first was a month's stay, living dormitory-style in Moscow State University during the summer of '65 while I took daily classes there in Russian. As a child, I had heard my Russian grandmother's firsthand tales of the 1917 Revolution and my curiosity about this vast, fascinating country has brought me back again.

Like most travel to the U.S.S.R., our trip, which began two weeks ago in Moscow and took us to Leningrad, Kiev and the Black Sea cities of Odessa and Yalta, was organized group-style under the capable, motherly wing of the state-

run Soviet tourist agency—Intourist. (It is possible to travel individually in the U.S.S.R., but much more costly and complicated.)

After nine smooth-sailing hours on an Aeroflot Ilyushin, we landed at Moscow's Sheremetyevo Airport. Here we were met by Marina, our earnest young guide with slanting green eyes, a razor-sharp mind and formally eloquent English. In spite of Marina's youth, she assumed a mother's role to our group of 20 Canadians and Americans. Across almost 6,400 km, through centuries of Russian history and endless contemporary statistics, we bobbed from plane to bus, from hotel to restaurant, from palace to monument.

This year, Moscow, where we began and now end our trip, looks grimmer, gloomier than I remember it. There's an unsmiling intensity on peoples' faces, a stern bleakness about the massive, stark prefabricated apartment blocks that have mushroomed around the city in a gigantic effort to house the population of 8 million (15 million, including the suburbs).

Our hotel, 20 minutes' drive from downtown, is the Hotel Cosmos, Soviet-run, but built with Swedish/French cooperation in preparation, like so much else we saw, for the 1980 Olympics. The lobby seems always to be filled with tour groups and their rows of luggage. Its monolithic, high-ceilinged expanse of granite, marble and chrome combine some of the favorite elements of modern Soviet design. The rooms are plain but comfortable, the several bars and restaurants large and busy, all geared to serve the tourist Soviet-style—efficiently and en masse.

Visits to Red Square, preferably when lit up at night, to St. Basil's Cathedral and also to the Lenin Mausoleum (when the body returns from re-embalming and is on view) are a must for the tourist. The GUM department store, a curiously antiquated indoor market located on one side of the square, is a bustling madhouse of Soviet consumerism. Though a great place to mingle, it's not a good place to buy. The Beriozkas (foreign currency shops) found in major Russian hotels are much cheaper.

Next door to Red Square is the Kremlin, where you can wander about the outside of the complex and into some of the buildings, such as the Cathedral of the Assumption—the Kremlin's main church and an important temple of the czars—and the Cathedral of the Annunciation, its walls covered in exquisite 14th- and 15th-century icons.

Novodevichy (New Maiden) Convent, with its lovely walled-in grounds, is a classic example of 16th- to 18th-century Russian architecture and well worth a visit. For those whose stay, unlike ours, extends to more than a day and a half, the Tretyakov Gallery has an excellent selection of religious art. The collection of Impressionist works and those from the English and Flemish schools at the Pushkin Fine Arts Museum should also be on your agenda if you're lucky enough to be seeing the country in a more leisurely fashion than we were.

The famous Bolshoi Theatre, with its spectacular seven-tiered auditorium, was an experience we'd all looked forward to. It was slightly marred by the effects of a lavish, Russian-style cocktail party complete with caviar, blini (pancakes), lashings of vodka (40% alcohol and drunk neat out of tiny glasses) and delicious Soviet champagne. The party preceded what was a professional but ponderous rendition of opera that would have been wonderful had it been done in costume.

With plenty of time at your command, you'll definitely want to visit the Moscow Circus, whether at its old or larger new location, the Central Market on Tsvetnoi

Boulevard, and to take a trip on the Metro. Stations such as Komsomolskaya and Mayakovskaya are elaborately decorated in marble, sculptures and milky glass.

Our meals at the Cosmos, except for a gala dinner and a couple of fancy champagne lunches, were typically Russian. Breakfast was hearty: Heavy black bread, sweet rolls, thick jam, eggs, juice or kefir (Russian buttermilk) and cheese, then tea or a demi-tasse of dark, chicory-laced coffee. Lunch, the main meal of the day, consisted of five courses, often starting with caviar, then a bowl of rib-hugging soup, a meat-and-potatoes entrée and the ubiquitous but tasty ice cream. Flavorful Soviet beer (13% alcohol) and the newcomer, Pepsi, were the usual beverages. Supper, mercifully, was always light.

Kiev, capital of the Ukraine, celebrates its 1,500th anniversary this year, and its leafy boulevards, more colorful dress and friendlier faces were a cheering sight after the drabness of a rainy day in Moscow. But there is an air of melancholy which hangs over the city, and understandably so. Kiev lost three-quarters of its population during the Second World War at the hands of the Nazis, who occupied it for two years. The Park of Eternal Glory where an Eternal Flame burns and relays of marching schoolchildren place Lenin pins on the soldiers' graves is one of many contemporary reminders of the city's devastation. We did see two outstanding performances, though: One by the Veryovka Dance Ensemble, the other, an exuberant display by some local diners who, the following evening, packed the dance floor of our hotel dining room and gyrated through the night as the band rocked on.

After Moscow's austerity and the sad antiquity of Kiev, our arrival in Leningrad was pure pleasure. Situated on 100 islands and crisscrossed by canals and bridges, it is a stunningly beautiful city of wide streets, leafy squares and pastel-colored buildings. Peter the Great, whose cruelty was matched only by his drive for progress, founded the city. He called it St. Petersburg, and in 1712, made it Russia's capital. From then on the city blossomed.

The Pribaltiiskaya Hotel, a huge 1,400-room structure 20 minutes' drive from downtown and overlooking the Gulf of Finland, is a model of modern Soviet-Swedish design. The bars (including an action-packed top-floor disco), spacious, comfortable dining rooms and superbly equipped bedrooms (200 to a floor) gave this place top rating for our tour and perhaps for the Soviet Union.

A day and a half of crammed sightseeing really wasn't enough. But the highlights were the world-famous Hermitage ("It would take seven years to view the 2.6 million items displayed here," said our local guide, Galya), a vast string of connected museums, including the former

Imperial Winter Palace, containing paintings, sculptures and *objets d'art*; and Catherine's Palace in the pretty, outlying town of Pushkin, an opulent display of czarist decadence, dripping with crystal, mirrors and gilt. The palace is especially remarkable for having been meticulously restored after it was destroyed by the Nazis.

The main cities on our tour bombarded us with so much information in such a short space of time that the Black Sea towns of Odessa (the Marseilles of the Soviet Union) and Yalta (its Nice) offered us a welcome chance to relax.

At Odessa's Chernoe More Hotel, we found ourselves in the foreign currency bar where the lanky, craggy-faced bartender looked uncannily like Jean-Paul Belmondo and languidly poured drinks, most of them vodka with Pepsi, from the half-dozen bottles behind him. Bob Marley's reggae played in the background and, at tables around the dimly lit room, groups of young Arabs (students at the local military school) laughed and chatted with pretty, stylishly dressed young Russian women. A busy commercial port on the north of the Black Sea, Odessa was the scene of the 1905 uprising,



Leningrad's Hermitage museum

later dramatized by Russia's great master, Sergei Eisenstein, in his movie *Potemkin*. He shot the film's most famous sequence on the harborfront's majestic Potemkin Steps. Nearby is the statue of that most romantic of Russian heroes, the poet Alexander Pushkin, and around the corner is the palatial opera house.

Yalta is an exquisite Crimean resort town with a year-round population of 75,000 that triples in size each summer. Greater Yalta stretches for 70 km along the coast, its hills dotted with rows of the reputedly medicinal cypress trees, sandy-colored cottages, new apartments and hotels and, above all, sanatoriums. These are a combination health spa/convalescent home for which Soviet workers can earn vouchers by showing productivity in the workplace.

We stayed high up on a hill at the new 1,500-room Yalta Hotel, sharing it with crowds of British, Germans and Finns. The hotel has all the resort amenities, notably a beachside sauna, fragrant with eucalyptus, from which you can plunge into the sea. After your swim, a motherly lady serves you tea in a glass, from a silver samovar, at a wooden table decked with fresh tulips.

The elegant palace of Count Voron-

tsov, Livadiya Palace, where Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill signed the historic Yalta Treaty, Anton Chekhov's house and the Swallow's Nest Castle built precariously on the edge of a cliff, are well worth your time—if you can tear yourself away from walks through the town and lying in the sun. A small, underground wine cellar near the central square where the locals downed glasses of Crimean wine (mostly sweet and semi-sweet at \$1.50 a glass) was one of our special discoveries.

Back on the bus in Moscow, on the way to Sheremetyevo Airport, our guide, Marina, is saying goodbye: "It's important to see all the historic and beautiful places when you visit a country, but, most of all, it's the people that count." I think of Misha, the fresh-faced young waiter who asked us in hesitant English about life in Canada; of the two "wild and crazy guys" in Odessa who stopped us to chat on the street, and of the babushka-clad granny who hugged me in a Yalta park when she found I spoke Russian, and I have to agree.

It helps to tackle the country with a few bits of useful information tucked away in your mind. Tours to the Soviet Union are apt to be strenuous. Rather than a completely relaxing holiday, you should expect one that is information- and activity-crammed. Tours like ours aren't the only ones available, by a long shot, and visits to such eastern cities as Tashkent, Samarkhand and Dushanbe are even more exotic.

The average price for a tour such as ours is roughly \$1,500 for two weeks. It includes air fare from Toronto to the U.S.S.R. and back, all Aeroflot flights within the country, hotels, meals and bus tours. You might find it useful to bone up with a few books before you leave home. *The Russians* by Hedrick Smith (Ballantine Books), Progress Books' guide and *Russian for Travellers Phrase Book* (Berlitz) are good choices.

Take currency in the form of small Canadian or U.S. bills, and a major charge card. Best shopping buys at the Beriozkas (notably at the Hotel Rossiya in Moscow) are vodka (available in several flavors), Soviet champagne, lacquered boxes, amber jewelry and—if you're feeling particularly flush—caviar, at \$17 per half-ounce. It's a good idea to take along some metal pins, maple leaf or otherwise distinctively Canadian. Russians are pin fanatics and exchanging pins is a good way of making contact with local people. On a more basic level, you should also know that, in Russia, toilet paper is often inadequate and sometimes non-existent. Kleenex is unknown.

A final word: Tourists should not drink the water in Leningrad. I did, and wound up with a serious stomach disorder after I returned—quite a common occurrence, as I found out later. Never mind. The trip was more than worth the inconvenience. ☒

It's a mighty, little dairy

And it makes mighty good yogurt, loyal customers say. That may be why it's giving huge, central Canadian dairies a run for their money

At 5:30 a.m., Sonia Jones steers the big refrigerator truck out from behind the barn in First Peninsula, N.S., and drives carefully around potholes on the road so as not to spill her cargo—75 gallons of what many consider the best yogurt on the market. By 7:30, after handing the truck over to a delivery man, who starts the day's rounds of supermarkets, she's in her office at Dalhousie University in Halifax, preparing for her first lecture.

Sonia, a Harvard-trained professor of Spanish literature, and her husband, Gordon, a management consultant-turned-farmer, are the owners of Peninsula Farm, a name becoming famous in eastern Canada for its yogurt. Their sales last year exceeded a quarter of a million dollars, and although they're one of the smallest dairies in North America, they're giving their competition in the Maritimes, the big yogurt brands from Ontario and Quebec, a good run for their money. "I know we outsell one national brand," Sonia says, "and I have the strong suspicion that we're competing very favorably with the rest of them."

Every year, yogurt-lovers trek to their Lunenburg County farm to get a firsthand look at how pure (no additives, no chemicals) yogurt is made, and the letters and cards keep coming in. "Fantastically fantastic," they write. "A taste delight." "Worthy of mention on the national news," says a man from Manitoba.

Will Peninsula Farm become a national success story? Until a few months ago, the Joneses had high hopes that it would. "We were so naive," Sonia says. "And now we're far beyond thinking that all there is to getting yogurt in the stores is to make the best yogurt possible. It's far more complicated than that."

The Joneses' yogurt-making adventure began 10 years ago, when they left New York City and bought a 25-acre farm with 2½ miles of ocean frontage. Gordon had sold his Park Avenue computer consulting firm to get away from what he considered a meaningless job, planning to lead a nice, easy life and maybe do a little sailing. Sonia had just accepted a full-time teaching job at Dalhousie.

The couple bought a Jersey cow named Daisy, and a neighbor down the road showed Gordon how to milk her. "We were so thrilled the first time Gord brought 15 quarts of milk into the house," Sonia recalls. But then he came in with



The Joneses: Pure (no additives) yogurt

15 more quarts the next day—and the next. "It soon got to be quite a scary situation," she says.

A friend suggested a solution: Make yogurt. They did and people loved it. So did the health food stores, and soon 15 quarts a day was not enough. By the time the Joneses bought four more cows, Gord had become an expert milker. Sonia, by then chairman of Dalhousie's Spanish department, was also writing a university-level Spanish language text, a biography of an Argentine writer and many articles. She had two babies. "It was a question of very carefully organizing my time," she says, laughing.

The farm kitchen was crowded and chaotic, with children underfoot and hired help making yogurt on the stove. By the fall of 1978, the Joneses decided it was time to get out of the house and get serious. "You can't ladle yogurt with a soup spoon forever," says Sonia, "because you might lose your sanity." Before expanding, they had to find other outlets. David Sobey of the supermarket chain visited the farm, liked what he tasted and figured his customers would too. So did Norman Newman, owner of Capital Stores, another major Maritime food chain. That was all the encouragement the Joneses needed. With the rest of their savings, an enormous amount of sweat equity, seed money from the Department of Regional Economic Expansion and a loan from the Nova Scotia government, they built a mini-processing plant beside

the barn and hired six local people full-time.


Moving into the supermarket big leagues wasn't quite as easy as they'd expected. "I thought people would see our yogurt and try it out of curiosity," Sonia says. "And then once they'd tried it, they'd faint from total delight, and never eat another brand again." But she'd put the displays on the shelves, go back a few days later—and find it all still there. Finally sales took off. Peninsula Farm yogurt appeared on the shelves of supermarkets from Truro, N.S., to Moncton, N.B.

Last year, the Joneses decided they had to borrow more money and expand the plant to keep up with the demand. In five years, their kitchen operation had mushroomed into a thriving business—a quarter of a million dollars in debt. They calculated they could no longer survive on the Maritime market alone; they had to take a shot at the make-or-break markets of central Canada.

Sonia went to Toronto in May, hoping to crack the lucrative health food store market. She thought it was simply a matter of putting a quality product on the shelves and selling it. Then she discovered what discounting was all about. One health food chain owner told Sonia that yes, her product was very good, but he didn't want it: It might cut out the brand he already carried, one that gave him a higher than average markup and a huge profit. In the supermarkets it was the same. She couldn't compete against the big dairies that take a low profit on yogurt to keep their products on the shelves. Milk is their mainstay, and they can make up losses on yogurt with milk sales. "No matter what we do," Sonia says, "we'll never ever be able to match their deals."

Now that they know they can't compete in that market, they have to go all out in the Maritimes. "I think we could do more to penetrate the local market," Gordon says. So far, they've done practically no advertising, and distribution has been limited to where they can go with two delivery trucks. Early this summer, they were trying to find a practical way of delivering to P.E.I. stores, and contemplating making other products, such as ice cream. Because they couldn't produce enough yogurt from their own cows, they've sold most of the herd and are buying milk.

"We'd never planned to be in the dairy business," Gordon says, "but it's quite exciting. We're competing with companies so huge, I just can't believe it." Although they've given up on the central Canadian market, "we're still in business—in spite of the fact that, according to the people we buy equipment from, our competition washes more milk out of their lines in a day than we use in a week." — Wendy Baldwin



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Billy the Blueberry King: How to make a million

The man who helped found the Maritimes' blueberry industry started out poor. Today he can afford the most expensive hobbies—such as collecting tombstones

When I started in the blueberry business, everybody laughed at me," says William Black Wells. "But they're not laughing now." Indeed they're not. Wells, 83, is a self-made Amherst, N.S., millionaire with a reputation for knowing how to pinch a penny until it hollers ("The older I get, the meaner I get," he says) and a blueberry empire that extends to all three Maritime provinces. He started dreaming of turning blueberries into gold more than 70 years ago, when, as a poor farm boy from Nova Scotia's Cumberland County, he visited his uncle's berry farm in New Brunswick. Today, they call him Billy the Blueberry King—the founder of Nova Scotia's largest export crop.

Last year, Nova Scotia, the biggest blueberry producer in the region, set a provincial record of almost 13 million

pounds of berries, valued at more than \$6 million. And Wells's home county, which this month celebrates its 10th annual Blueberry Harvest Festival, produces 75% of the province's crop.

Wells started his blueberry business in 1922 with a two-field crop in Truemanville, near Amherst, and started seriously building up his empire in the Forties, buying old farms and turning the tired fields into cash crops. "I bought my first land for \$15 and \$17 an acre," he says. "I was looking for farms that had been idle for 20 to 30 years. People asked me what I was going to do with them, and I said, 'Grow blueberries.' They just didn't see it. Five years ago, I sold some of that first land for \$500 an acre.

"All those people are mad now. I cheated them. It's not their fault they sold the land. All they had to do was

burn it. They made an error and I cheated them. It don't bother me a bit. We've got land now we can get \$2,000 an acre for." By the Fifties, W.B. Wells Ltd. owned 125 properties, including 34 in Prince Edward Island.

The key to business success, Wells says, is not what you earn but what you save. "That's the secret to making money." He's been following that dictum since age 11, when he joined the local business community. In a small, roadside shack, he opened his own country store, selling everything from penny candy to chewing tobacco, and salting away a few cents on every sale. In winter, he helped his father support the family by cutting lumber. "I didn't go to school very long," he says. "I can't write or spell very good, but I can read and I've always been good at math."

Almost all Wells's childhood experiences eventually were used to turn a dollar. From his father, he learned to hunt, butcher, and cut lumber. Later, Wells bought a sawmill in Oxford, and for a while he peddled meat in the River Hebert-Joggins area. At 29, he got a licence to trade furs; he'd buy them for \$25, resell them to Montreal buyers for \$35. He invested the profits from all these ventures in blueberry production.

Last year, his blueberries provided



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him with a salary of close to \$200,000. Nearly 66% goes to taxes, he says. "I've paid over \$2 million in taxes since 1946. If I had kept it, I could have owned Amherst."

A widower, Wells lives alone in a huge, lemon-colored house filled with beautiful antique furniture. He insists that he is not a rich man. To prove his poverty, he pulls from his pocket a tattered handkerchief—and a roll of crisp \$100 bills falls to the floor. Wells laughs and reminds his visitor that his car is 11 years old (it's a black Cadillac).

Wells's way with a dollar hasn't always made him popular. During a

recent fund-raising drive for the Cumberland County Museum, a fund-raiser asked Wells for a \$1,000 donation. When Wells quickly showed him the door, the canvasser complained, "Mr. Wells, if everyone were like you, Amherst would be a poor place to live."

"I cannot give to people who never earned it," Wells says. "I call that bumming. I've donated to the hospital and the YMCA, but then they [the YMCA] had a lobster dinner and never invited me." With people who work for him, he laments, it's the same old story. "I want you to write this," he orders. "Mr. Wells says he can't get anyone to work for him, even relatives, without them asking how much money is in it. I worked on the farm for 30 years and never charged my father a cent. Today money comes number one."

If people have changed since Wells's heyday, so has the industry he pioneered. Today, he's only one of 700 Nova Scotia producers, with farms ranging from an acre to well over 1,000 acres. (Most producers burn half their fields every year, so only half the total acreage produces a crop at one time.) Wells has always concentrated on growing and harvesting, selling his berries to a middleman for processing or export. Today, people in the industry such as John Bragg, who opened a frozen foods plant in Oxford in 1968, are going several steps farther. His firm employs 250 seasonal and 100 full-time workers, as well as 500

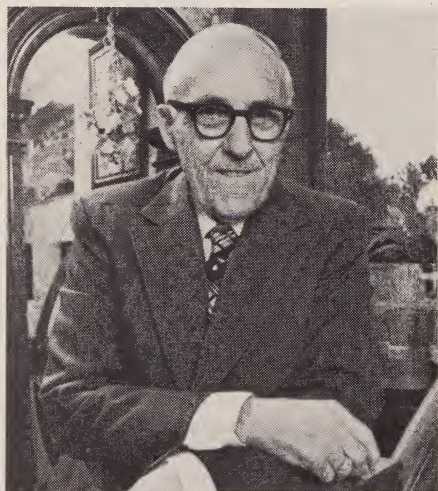
pickers in the harvest season, and he's opened up new Japanese markets.

Since the late Seventies, blueberry markets have shifted overseas. More than 60% of the Nova Scotia crop goes to Europe, mostly to West Germany, Sweden, Norway and the Netherlands.

Wells fears that rising transportation costs—three to four cents a pound to ship berries to the United States, 12 cents a pound to Europe—will strangle the industry. These days, however, he leaves many of these worries to his son, Walter, who's taking over the business. The Blueberry King still keeps the company books, but he's planning to retire soon and devote more time to his only hobby—buying gravestones. So far, he says, he's spent more than \$80,000 putting up about 50 new headstones on the resting places of relatives—some of them long-dead—in seven graveyards in Cumberland County.

Wells insists he's not going to join them unless he can take his money with him. But he's happy to part with some free advice on how to make that kind of money: "I would say, no matter how little you earn, always save something. If a man wants to have a good business, wants to make some money, then he starts from the bottom and works up. He knows every damn thing about it and he can do every job in the business. Then they can't fool him. I've had 70 years to make a million, and that's exactly how I did it."

— Joan Weeks



DAVID NICHOLS

Wells: "They're not laughing now"

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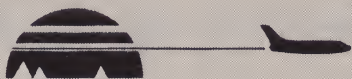
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HARRY BRUCE'S COLUMN

So you think TV's hard on women? How about the father as klutz?



In television land, mom and the kids may be clued in. Father, however, knows worst

Progressive, intelligent, thinking, liberated persons hate television because it portrays all women as charlatades or whores. We are forever hearing from outraged feminists that TV commercials paint women as ninnies who think only of wax, detergent, drain-cleaners, air-fresheners and how to get filth out of a brat's shirt; and that the shows these same commercials sponsor present women as sexual fantasies for men, as leggy, breasty, high-heeled, bum-twitching, flirty-eyed nymphs.

If you watch Loni Anderson, squeezed between pitches for furniture oil and green garbage bags, you must concede that the feminists have a point, or two. But when they suggest, as they sometimes do, that television is committing a massive crime against all womankind, they sound hysterical. Rapists are a massive crime against womankind; but dumb television is just dumb television. It has never been persuasive enough to get me to buy anything, not even a brand of toothpaste. I cannot imagine how a progressive, intelligent, thinking, liberated person could possibly regard television's portrayal of women as anything worse than irritating. Television is generally so awful that those who think it warps the self-image of womankind must have an extremely low opinion of womankind's capacity for thought.

Now if I were so stupid and malleable that television had an iota of influence over how I feel about myself, I'd feel horrible. For your typical family man on television has been a dolt for three decades. I'd like to see the feminists acknowledge that fact. Why can't they be big enough to allow that if television grossly insults women, it also grossly insults men, and especially us fathers?

Television fathers are lovable but dense. They are the last to get wise to anything. Sometimes they are allowed to spout comforting platitudes but, as a rule, they're not quite as smart as a three-toed sloth. Mother knows best. The kids sometimes know best. Father knows worst. Compared to other television fathers, Archie Bunker is an intellectual. Bunker also has a kind of authority. Most television fathers have all the

authority of toothless, droolingspaniels, who if cuddled, fed and duped by more intelligent beings, are grateful and obedient.

That's on sitcoms. On commercials, fathers are even more wimpish. With cake mix, cooking oil, instant coffee and cures for the common cold, those devilish, devious and mothering charlady-whores trick them, trick them, and trick them again. Fathers never learn. Fathers are always hopelessly behind the times. The men who truly know what's up, the fellows with the kitchen savvy and the bathroom smarts, are Mr. Clean, The Man from Glad, and that cheery dork who comes to fix the washing machine.

"The father as klutz," Glenn Collins recently wrote in *The New York Times*, "has shaped the way fathering has been portrayed in North America." But television is not solely to blame for father's lousy image. Collins elaborated: "He has been humored, cajoled, patronized and just plain put up with by long-suffering wives and clever children. On Father's Day cards, he's been snoozing in a hammock, uncut grass beneath him. As a figure of fun he is a hallowed character: Dagwood Bumstead of the *Blondie* comic strip, Ozzie Nelson of the radio and television show *Ozzie and Harriet*, or the faintly ridiculous hero of Clarence Day's Broadway play, *Life with Father*."

Scholars believe the image problem for us North American fathers predates even Dagwood, whom *Blondie* has been outsmarting for roughly half a century, and goes right back to the Industrial Revolution. In the early 1800s, it seems, factory wages began to draw millions of fathers away from their broods. Before that, whether the fathers were farmers, shopkeepers or the proprietors of cottage industries, they saw their kids off and on all day. "Fathers had always been involved in the provision of goods and services to their families," U.S. history professor John Demos explains, "but before the 19th century such activity was imbedded in a larger matrix of domestic sharing. With modernization it became the chief, if not exclusive, province of adult men."

Father, in short, became a nocturnal

visitor, just a guy who was gone all day, and had no other function but to bring home the bacon. He became what sociologists call a mere "secondary caretaker." Mother, of course, was the primary caretaker. Father was no longer "imbedded in a larger matrix of domestic sharing," and therefore, families being what they are, he became a nerd.

That's the theory anyway, and I think it's wonderful that, after all the attention mothering has attracted, fathering is at last coming into its own as a fit subject for academic research. You've doubtless heard of mothering seminars. Well, the American Psychoanalytic Association in Boston recently had a fathering seminar because, as Prof. Demos so aptly put it, "fatherhood has a very long history but virtually no historians."

Right on, professor. And now, if we can only found a militant Fathers' Liberation Movement to force the networks to quit committing a massive crime against all fatherkind, we fathers will be able to walk with our heads high for the first time in nearly 200 years. ☒

FEEDBACK

Right way to write

Harry Bruce's patronizing comments on the members of the Writers' Federation of Nova Scotia (*Wanting to Be a Writer Is a National Disease*, June) indicate that he does not understand the role of the organization. In putting down potential writers, Bruce cites an application for a grant to the Canada Council from a pulpwood cutter who had been exploited by a mail-order school for writers. He states that the man's prose "was illiterate, the work of a man on the verge of mental retardation." Leaving aside factual matters—is there a connection between literacy and mental retardation?—and the obvious class bias, his example points up the need for organizations that can foster writing talent and prevent exploitation. Granting agencies, publishers and magazine editors have their own ideas on "the right way to write," and the history of literature shows how wrong they have been in the past. Through WFNS, we pool our skills, knowledge and experience to help each other in the difficult task of putting words on paper. WFNS has provided services so that beginning writers are not misled and exploited—including hiring people like Harry Bruce to give seminars and to provide expert advice. Some measure of the success we have had in building a strong voluntary organization has been shown by the fact that writers in Alberta and New Brunswick have invited our executive director, Greg Cook, to help them in setting up similar bodies.

Jim Lotz,
President (1980-82), Writers'
Federation of Nova Scotia
Halifax, N.S.

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MOVIES



Richard Gere sweeps Debra Winger off her feet

**The Good Girl gets her man
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*If you like Fifties movies and Herman Wouk novels,
you'll find An Officer and a Gentleman irresistible—
hysterically happy ending and all*

By Martin Knelman

The large advertisement in the daily newspapers had the desired effect. Early on a Friday evening, the lobby of the theatre was jammed. The crowd was abuzz with the fever of anticipated pleasure. This was an early preview of a Hollywood movie, months

prior to its projected opening. The word "sneak preview" has become a misnomer. The fun of the sneaks that I remember going to as a teen-ager was that you never knew what the new picture was going to be, although you certainly might have hopes and guesses. But nowadays we usually arrive at the theatre knowing

exactly what movie we are about to see. This is because the market researchers have decided it's better this way. There had been ads in the newspaper trumpeting the picture. The movie was *An Officer and a Gentleman*, and inside the trade, the buzz was that Paramount had a major sleeper on its hands.

Five minutes before the lights went down, the big blue limos began pulling up outside the theatre. Out piled the movie executives—from Famous Players, Paramount, the production team of the film itself. Some of them had flown in from New York and Los Angeles. This was a big test.

After the movie, there were the usual market researchers passing out their little comment cards—"How would you rate the picture (check one)?...What, if anything, did you dislike about this film?"—but the exercise was superfluous. Anyone in the theatre could tell without comment cards the picture was a hit.



Gere and Winger: He lost his friend

Richard Gere, who not only stars in *An Officer and a Gentleman* but virtually carries the entire movie on his back, has always been a throwback to the outdated notions of Hollywood glamor. In *American Gigolo*, Gere was a preposterously anguished hustler—a sensitive, misunderstood, Hollywood stud-for-hire who deep down was the most chicly dressed saint in history—and his extravagant posing was hilariously fraudulent. In *An Officer and a Gentleman*, Gere has been toned down considerably, and his oozingly soft-spoken sincerity is no longer laughable; clearly, Gere gives this picture whatever integrity and appeal it seems to have.

This movie has the feel of a social epic based on a swoony popular novel, but actually the screenplay (by Douglas

Stewart) is an original, and the director (Taylor Hackford) is a virtual unknown. Perhaps both of them grew up on Herman Wouk books and 1950s trash movies, because the movie is a throwback to popular narratives of the Eisenhower era. Except for the minor detail that premarital sex is taken for granted, the picture could have been made in 1951; and looking back on it now, we would see it as a perfect reflection of America in that period.

Gere and his friend (Gerald Eystone) enrol together in a U.S. Navy training program, each dreaming of becoming a pilot. We understand that they are boys of wildly different backgrounds whose relationship is cemented by the ex-

perience of going through hell together. Their training teacher is a tough S.O.B. and he's black. Played by Louis Gosset Jr., he is sadistic, but sadistic to a purpose. In his mind, seeming cruelties are designed to make men out of boys—and it is clear that the movie shares his dubious views on this subject.

The standard material about the hellishness of preparing for combat is played off against a double romance of Dreiserian proportions, and this is what gives *An Officer and a Gentleman* its intense popular appeal. The two would-be naval pilots get involved with two factory girls living in the town where they're stationed, and we're given to understand that for the local girls, landing



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MOVIES

an officer-to-be as a husband is their one chance to escape from the bleakness of life in the lower-middle-class echelons of the American boondocks.

These two girls are friends, and they are set up as the classic twins, the Good Girl and the Bad Girl. The Good Girl, engagingly played by Deborah Winger (who will be remembered as Travolta's mate in the ill-fated *Urban Cowboy*), falls deeply in love with Gere, but is too proud, too loving and too full of integrity to pressure him into marriage, devastated though she is when he abruptly drops her. The Bad Girl, realizing that her beau, Eyestone, is just out for a good



David Keith proposes marriage to Lisa Blount

time while he's in the area, blackmails him into proposing marriage by telling him she is pregnant. The poor fellow is so unhinged that he drops out of the training program and runs after her to confess that he has suddenly realized he really is in love with her. But as soon as she grasps the fact that he is not going to be a glamorous pilot after all, that he is just going to run a gas station in Texas, she dumps him and announces there never was any baby—at which point he checks into a motel to do himself in.

It's this crisis that reunites Gere and Winger. Riding off on a motorbike in search of their endangered friend, they are brought to a realization of how deeply in love they really are, and everything rushes toward a hysterically happy ending. Winger tells off the Bad Girl, Gere becomes a dashing officer, and

Winger leaves the factory and the small town behind.

By the time the preview was over, the comment cards were superfluous. *An Officer and a Gentleman* may be a crock, but it's also irresistible, and the audience went for it in a big way. Analysts of American social history may be appalled to learn that in the Reagan era this picture pretty well sums up the American Dream—which amounts to a desire to regress to the simple ideals of an earlier era. But for Paramount what matters is that *An Officer and a Gentleman* is a sure box-office winner. And the studio can hardly wait to start counting the take. To the surprise of no one, a couple of weeks after the preview, the opening date for this movie was advanced from mid-October to mid-August. In Halifax, it opens Aug. 13 at the Paramount.

E.T.

Steven Spielberg's enchanting new fantasy is about a lovable alien creature who gets left behind on earth by accident, and hides out with a suburban family. A 10-year-old boy becomes his protector, friend and alter ego. Spielberg shows a deft hand, but this is also a mythic parable with a wondrous sense of miracle and redemption. Like *The Wizard of Oz*, it's a classic that makes lasting contact with the child in everyone. Without any doubt, this is the movie of the season.

Tron

A much-heralded toy from the Disney studio, which promises to turn the technology of video games into a spectacular 70mm fantasy. Jeff Bridges plays the hero, who while fighting evil, is zapped into a computer and finds himself playing video games on a cosmic scale. One-third of the movie is live action; the rest uses a new style of animation. Through a new technique called backlight compositing, the figures are given a special glow. A Los Angeles critic who previewed the movie described it as the *Star Wars* of the 1980s.

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Backward run sentences. And the mind reels

Passive verbs are termites. If we don't look out, they'll infest the language till it comes crashing down around us

Second in a series by Harry Bruce

Passive verbs weaken every sentence they touch, and the way they're spreading they are the meek that shall inherit the language. They are termites. They are thick even in the very beams of English composition but scarcely anyone ever sees them, or hears them, or ponders what their secret gnawing and obscene breeding habits do to the strength of everything we put into words.

"John loves Mary" is a sentence in which the verb is active, and if you want to say "John loves Mary," that's what you ought to say. "John loves Mary." Just like that. Your typical addict of passive verbs, however, has it somewhere in his head that saying anything so simple may make him appear unlettered. He writes, "Mary is loved by John." His affectations and, indeed, even his academic training may also inspire him to build verbal garbage on top of his backward sentence:

A personage of specific sexual locus, namely female, whose signification in the generalized field of human nomenclature is, in effect, Mary, as it were, is held in substantive affectionate regard—one might even say is loved—by a certain John, a catalytic agent and member of the appropriately opposite and therefore, in this context, relevant sex, offering a source of stimulation for participants who might be in effect moved to considering the real issues both in relationship to specific communities and as a realistic ordering of priorities. Viably, of course.

The trouble in that sentence starts with its main verb. It is the decision not to let John love Mary but merely to let Mary be loved by John. From there, a lazy or slippery or deliberately obscure writer may happily accept the invitation to outright evasion that lurks in every passive verb. Such verbs somehow make telling only half a story appear respectable. Often, they don't give us even "Mary is loved by John" but, surrounded by a camouflage of jargon, only "Mary is loved." The passive verb turns poor John into a phantom. The reader never learns the identity of Mary's lover.

To illustrate further, here's a blob of boredom from an outfit called the NTL Institute for "Development Experiences

for Individuals, Groups and Organizations." It goes like this:

The program design is based on the assumptions that personal growth and professional growth are inextricably intertwined and that personal and professional self-awareness may be developed best through an interactive auditing process.

There, in a sentence that's precisely the opposite of action-packed, we have 33 stuffy words, all failing to say *who* based the program design on assumptions that personal and professional growth are inseparable and blah-blah-blah.

Richard Gambino, a teacher at the City University of New York, lists the passive voice as one of several techniques in the new "lingo of political irresponsibility." This odd language, he says, "makes it impossible to discuss, let alone fix, questions of personal responsibility.... It is used to prevent, confuse and conceal thinking.... Events [constitute] a kind of unholy creation out of nothing by no one."

Bureaucratise enables civil servants to make sure no one understands what they say so that they may forever avoid getting into trouble for what they've said. Today's meaninglessness cannot haunt them at tomorrow's inquiry into wrongdoing; every conceivable accusation of the future will arise only from a "misinterpretation," your honor. A misinterpretation of a memo which, from the very beginning, a bureaucrat or committee of bureaucrats had cunningly designed so that no one could ever correctly interpret it.

The passive voice is essential to such writing, but it also blights the prose of millions of people who use it with no ignoble intentions at all. They sense in passive verbs the aroma of higher education. It's the desire to sound intelligent that's behind the unintelligent usage of passive constructions. The habit is contagious like flu, irritability, pop songs, clichés and slang. People sprinkle passive verbs through their paragraphs without even thinking about them. (Most stinky writing by people who are not actually illiterate is a result of their not having the humility to think critically about the words they've just put down.)

I have assessed undergraduate and graduate students' papers in which all the verbs on a whole page were passive,

and I know where the college kids get the habit. I've edited professors' papers in which the passive verbs seeded clouds of pomposity till thunderstorms of crashing boredom flooded my brain and drowned me at last in blessed sleep. I've edited company reports for tycoons who talk like dock workers but try to write like sociologists and they, too, use a lather of passive verbs to help them sacrifice clarity to pretension. Moreover, the newspapers are full of unnecessary passive verbs, it was announced today by Harry Bruce, a spokesman for SRAVCP (Society for the Restoration of the Active Voice in Canadian Prose).

The passive voice is bad enough but its most pathetic addicts plunge to the depths of verb-perversion with *double passives*. Fowler's *Modern English Usage* offers examples "which are as repulsive to the grammarian as to the stylist." They include "The point is sought to be evaded" and "Now that the whole is attempted to be systematized." If you do not begin now to help me stamp out the passive voice in your life, you may end up an incurable spouter of double passives. As a writer, you cannot sink lower.

Whenever I get a report to edit—whether it's by students, professors, bureaucrats or journalists—the first thing I do is whip right through it to turn the bulk of the passive sentences into active sentences. Often, this process alone improves readability by at least half.

And yet, for the sake of keeping a thought flowing smoothly from one sentence to the next (and also to emphasize Mary, for example), a simple passive verb, though rarely essential, is sometimes excusable: "John loves Mary. Mary, of course, is the most lovable girl in town. Mary is excessively loved. Indeed Mary is loved not only by John, the front-runner for her affections, but also by Dick, Ed, Morty and Rex." Moreover, I guess I wouldn't insist on "Rain rained out the ballgame." Yes, "The ballgame was rained out" is OK by me.

Despite such cases, however, I urge anyone who aspires to skill in English composition to impose on him/herself a cold-turkey treatment with regard to passive verbs. You let a couple in, and suddenly they're swarming all over you, wrapping themselves round the legs of your sentences, dragging your prose to its knees, sucking the life out of your words, sliding and writhing around till they've smudged and smothered everything you were trying to say.

The first rule of PIPI, my patented Plan for Instant Prose Improvement, is this: For six months, outlaw passive verbal constructions from every report, exam, paper or memo you write. Do not let even one passive verb rear its slimy head in even one sentence you compose for anyone's eyes but your own. Not even in a letter to your old Mom. ☒

In praise of pigs...

...and cows, sheep, horses and goats. Island artist Lindee Climo may have given up raising animals, but most of her work—including a magnificent new book—is a celebration of their existence

By Marian Bruce

In the pig nursery, three affable sows elbow their way to the side of the pen where Lindee Climo is standing, jostling for space to nuzzle her hands amid thick, wet snouts. "Missus, how are you?" she inquires, scratching one behind the ears. A small woman with a soft voice and a gentle manner, she's wearing city clothes—sandals and a black, flowered cotton skirt and blouse. But in this little red barn in Winsloe, P.E.I., she is very much at home.

In the past few days, Climo has been pigsitting for the owner of this herd, feeding, cleaning, delivering litters at odd hours of the day and night. She's never been a pig midwife before, but animals have been a preoccupation—a passion—for most of her 34 years. They've served as friends, as substitute children, as livestock and as inspiration for dozens of wonderful paintings. "From the time I was a child," she says, "I wanted all the animals I could have. The only thing I ever wanted to do was raise sheep or cattle."

Last fall, after an exhibition of her work at a Calgary art gallery, she began a special series of paintings that celebrates some of the animals she has owned over the years. The result is *Chester's Barn*, a stunning children's book being launched Aug. 19 by Tundra Books of Montreal. At the same time, Confederation Centre Art Gallery is opening a month-long exhibition of paintings on which the book is based.

Although Climo has been painting for only eight years, she's winning a national reputation as an artist. She's had major shows in Charlottetown, in Toronto's Mira Godard Gallery (which acts as her agent) and in Calgary, and she can sell practically anything she produces, at prices up to about \$3,000 per canvas. Her work hangs in corporate and private collections, at Confederation Centre and in university galleries throughout the Atlantic region. By fall, her name will become known overseas, as well. "We have a very hot book on our hands," says Tundra Books president May Cutler. "It's something to rival *Anne of Green Gables*. We've never had this kind of advance interest in a book."

This spring, when Cutler took advance proofs of *Chester's Barn* to the Children's Book Fair in Bologna, Italy, three European publishers vied for the French rights. Copies of the original edition were ordered for distribution in Australia, New Zealand, Southeast Asia and South Africa, and the Book-of-the-Month Club will feature it in the fall lists. Tundra is printing 5,000 copies in French for the European market, and German, Swedish, Finnish and British publishers have taken options.

Climo also wrote the text for *Chester's Barn*, which amounts to a primer on farm life on P.E.I., written in anecdotal style. There really is a Chester (her friend, Chester LeLacheur of Cornwall), but the book is based mostly on animals Climo kept on her own P.E.I. farm in the Seventies: Cowmama, an Ayrshire whose milk nurtured generations of calves, lambs and kittens; Bathsheba, a beautiful blackface sheep; Willie, a sickly calf the barn cats adopted. "Most of the animals have died," Climo says. "This is the only way I know to express my love for them."

Climo's animals are not cute. As David Webber, director of the Confederation Centre Art Gallery and Museum, observes, they have personalities without being cartoon characters. There are pensive pigs, tender-hearted cows, devil-may-care goats. Her paintings are often monochromatic—



Climo and friend: The painter as pigsitter
Paintings for *Chester's Barn* go on exhibit this month

black and white or light and dark images—and they have a strong sculptural quality. You want to reach out and touch the marble-like face of a cow, trace the veins in a horse's cheek, stroke the soft roundness of a sheep's cosy body.

In fact, Climo is more interested in sculpture than in painting, but sculpture is something she's saving for the future, when she has more time and money. At the moment, her life is in flux, as is her art. "Since that first solo exhibition in 1978," she says, "I just keep changing my ideas about how I feel about everything. My relationships have suffered because of that, too. I don't have a clue what I want, and anything that holds me down and keeps me from trying something different—I just break out. But I can't stay out on this limb."

She has just come back after three months in Fiji, where she worked, off and on, on a copra boat. Now she's between projects, spending a lot of time on Glydon Maund's farm in Winsloe, where she boards her mare, Lilac. In the boxstall with Lilac, across the wall from the pigs, a strapping, four-day-old colt prances, his tail waving like a flag. He is, as Climo points out quite often, amazingly big and lively for his age.

Lilac and the foal are the only animals she has left. She began collecting livestock at the age of nine, when she used to bicycle two miles, before and after school, from her family's suburban California home to a 4-H farm. For years, she bred and exhibited Suffolk sheep and an assortment of beef cattle, rabbits and birds. As a child, she also began a lifelong hobby of drawing; not sketching, but creating finished images of the animals around her. "Animals have always triggered my imagination more than anything else on earth," she says. "It's wonderful to watch them—to question the workings of their minds and the mysterious ways their instincts direct them. To feel the extreme differences, and then suddenly to see a close similarity to myself. They make life and the rest of the universe easier for me to accept."

At one stage, Climo considered becoming a medical

PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS



illustrator. She took a variety of courses, including drawing, anatomy and animal husbandry, at several American universities. Then she took off for the West Indies on a charter boat, selling drawings on board to earn her passage. There she met Chip Climo, a native of Saint John, N.B. They married, sailed for Canada in 1970, and lived for a year in Toronto, where Chip worked in television. Later they tried homesteading in New Brunswick, and, in 1974, moved to P.E.I., taking along a flock of sheep, some rabbits, chickens, ducks and Cowmama. The Climos had planned to settle on a farm in Mount Vernon, approximately 64 km east of Charlottetown, but after two weeks there, they separated. Lindee stayed on to run the farm. And she began painting.

Before moving to the Island, she had done only one painting in her life. "I'm still stunned that I began painting so fast and so easily here," she says. "It was Prince Edward Island that essentially triggered everything." Drawing had always been easy; painting was "terrifying." As a result of a combination of things—her isolation, her emotional state, the beauty of the countryside, the animals, her longing to preserve some of the Island's past—she began teaching herself to paint from old photographs. Working with one old snapshot of men and farm animals, she recalls, they "actually came to life for me. I just snapped with the power I suddenly felt—and finished 20 large paintings in the next four months, teaching myself as I worked to add paint to the inkwork or to do inkwork over paint. Eventually, I didn't use ink at all."

Her first solo exhibition, at Confederation Centre in 1978, was a major turning point. Suddenly, her work was in demand outside the province, and she realized she could make a living from painting. At the same time, she lost interest in farming. She moved to an isolated studio in Dromore, near Mount Stewart, keeping a few sheep, two horses and a donkey. During her 2½ years there, she worked on the 18 door paintings ("a project that got out of hand") that became her trademark. (Two of these, "Painted Door" and "Henhouse Door," hang in Confederation Centre.) Riding through the countryside with Lilac, she began collecting old, abandoned doors. "The first few I found were just beautiful," she says. "They had hinges that had come from England, a variety of knobs, kick marks and latches and nailholes, bailing wire and beautiful paint patterns on them." Some were nailed together to make lambing pens and loft floors. Others became natural canvases. She stripped and cleaned the inside panels and painted on them cows, hens, sheep, ghosts of people who might have been connected with the houses. "I used to do the doors when I got stuck," she says. "They painted themselves. Eventually I found ideas coming every time I looked at them."

In Dromore, her style started evolving from realism to



"Henhouse Door" (1976)



"Jars" (1982): "I felt trapped at the time"

fantasy, with images inspired by a friend's poems and her own imagination—horses with birds' bodies, a rooster's head on a bull's body. Two years ago, she moved her studio to Charlottetown, where she painted, among other things, a series of cows, pigs and sheep confined in Mason jars. "It was February and I was here [in Charlottetown] at the end of a bad winter. I'd just finished the children's book, and I'd been under a lot of pressure. And there it came. Those animals are me. I felt trapped at the time."


Recently she's gone back to ink drawings. And, for the first time, her themes are switching from animals to people, such as the Melanesians she met on her trip this spring. "I really am going to have to deal with my fear of people," she says. "From having my marriage break up, and my parents split up, that kind of thing, I have a fear of coming close to people. I've used the animals as a means of having something that matters in my life without having to commit myself, the way people really have to, to know each other."

Her intense commitment to her work also has been a barrier to close, long-term relationships; she finds it distracting to be in the same house with another person when she's involved in a painting. Her studio is a second-floor room on Richmond Street, with an easel, stacks of crated paintings, cowhide rugs and sheepskin throws. There is no phone. At work, she tends to ignore hunger, time, knocks on the door.

Still, on the Island, she is surrounded by friends and admirers. In a restaurant down the street (decorated with a unicorn mural she painted), all kinds of people stop by her table to talk, to inquire about her trip, to comment on the new foal. On Queen Street, somebody stops his truck in the midst of the mid-day traffic to

shout a greeting. Her most recent exhibitions, she says, attracted mostly farmers. "They're really interested in what I'm doing."

Some of them might also sympathize with her current ambivalence about raising animals. As a child, she learned the art of butchering so as to keep the ever-extending family of rabbits in the backyard to a size her parents would tolerate. Later, on her own farm, she did everything from carpentry to slaughtering. But her isolation on the farm eventually got to her, as did her growing pain over "nurturing animals that are going to be eaten—and that's what eventually happens to them."

Today, instead of feeding cows and sheep, she finds herself—somewhat to her surprise—feeding an artistic production line to Toronto. But she insists: "Painting is still secondary to me, compared to animals—even though I don't have them anymore." 

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GARDEN IN THE SEA

2 7 oz (198 g) cans Bye the Sea Solid White Tuna, chopped
 ¼ cup (62.5 mL) butter
 ¼ lb. (113.4 g) sliced mushrooms
 ¼ cup (62.5 mL) diced onions
 ¼ cup (62.5 mL) flour
 1 cup (250 mL) light cream
 ¼ tsp. (1.2 mL) salt and pepper ea.
 ¼ tsp. (1.2 mL) nutmeg
 ½ cup (125 mL) white wine
 ½ cup (125 mL) gruyere cheese, shredded
 1 11 oz. (311.8 g) package frozen mixed vegetables
 2 lbs. (908 g) potatoes, cooked and mashed
 1 egg yolk
 2 tblsp. (30 mL) melted butter
 Grated parmesan

Saute mushrooms and onion in butter. Stir in flour. Gradually stir in cream, salt, pepper, nutmeg. Reduce heat and stir till thickened. Stir in cheese, until melted. Add wine, Tuna and mixed vegetables. Bring to a boil, stirring, reduce heat and cook 3-4 minutes. Pour into coquille shells. Add egg yolk to hot mashed potatoes, and pipe around the edge of coquille shell. Brown under broiler, 5-6 inches from heat, until golden brown.



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Quest for fire: It's barbecue time

When the primitive urge to singe food over flames drives you outdoors, take heart—and take pork. It's a nice change from steaks and hamburgers

By Pat Lotz

This is the time of year when the atavistic urge to revert to the cooking habits of our prehistoric ancestors sends hundreds of Canadians out into backyards. Bravely ignoring the hazards of mosquitoes, imminent rain and the smoke from neighboring backyards, we abandon the comfort of well-appointed kitchens to put on funny aprons and chefs' hats and prepare our barbecues.

We do have a number of advantages denied our early ancestors. In addition to equipment ranging from the primitive to the exotic, there is aluminum foil and soy sauce. Also, we don't have to make the kind of gruelling journey depicted in the movie *Quest for Fire* if we run out of matches. And the pork recipes that follow (for appetites jaded with hamburgers and beef steaks) do not have to open with the instruction, "First catch your wild boar."

Spareribs

Spareribs, also known as side ribs, are the cheapest cut of pork ribs. Back ribs are meatier and have less fat, and you'll need less per person. The following recipe can be used for either cut.

6 lbs. (2.7 kg) spareribs
 ¾ cup crushed pineapple
 ¼ cup chili sauce
 ¼ cup honey
 ¼ cup cider vinegar
 ½ cup soy sauce
 2 cloves garlic, crushed
 ½ tsp. ginger
 ½ tsp. dry mustard

In covered pan, simmer spareribs until tender (about 45 minutes). While the ribs are cooking prepare the marinade. Run crushed pineapple through a blender or food processor until smooth, then mix with remaining ingredients. Drain ribs, pat dry, place in large shallow dish and pour marinade over. Cover dish with plastic and let stand for at least an hour, or leave it overnight in the fridge. Grill the ribs over medium-hot coals 10-15 minutes each side and brush with additional marinade if needed. Serves 6.

Roast Corn

6 ears of corn
 1/3 cup butter or margarine
 2 tsp. Dijon mustard
 ½ tsp. prepared horseradish
 salt and pepper to taste

Remove husks, silks and any blemishes from corn. Cream together remaining ingredients and spread over corn. Wrap loosely in aluminum foil and

seal carefully. Roast on grill over hot coals 15-20 minutes (if roasting on same grill as ribs, 25-35 minutes), turning several times. Partially unwrap corn and serve in foil.

Skewered Veggies

On skewers, alternate small parboiled potatoes, ¾-inch thick slices of zucchini, cherry tomatoes and pieces of green pepper. Brush with melted butter and grill over medium-hot coals for 15-20 minutes, turning frequently.

Stuffed Chops

If you buy your chops from a butcher, ask him to cut pockets in them.

6 loin rib pork chops
 3 tbsp. butter
 1½ cups chopped mushrooms
 ¾ cup chopped apples
 1½ cups bread crumbs
 ½ tsp. cinnamon
 apple juice, to moisten
 apple jelly for glaze

Trim off excess fat around chops. With sharp, pointed knife inserted into the back fat covering, slice a pocket at least 2 inches wide in each chop. Melt butter in heavy skillet and sauté chopped mushroom and apple. Stir in bread crumbs, sprinkle mixture with cinnamon, then add enough apple juice to get a manageable consistency. Stuff chops and close opening with toothpicks or small skewers. Brush with apple jelly and grill chops 4 inches from medium-hot coals for 1 hour, basting and turning chops every 15 minutes, or until there is no pink in centre of chops. You can wrap any leftover stuffing loosely in heavy-duty aluminum foil and cook it at the edge of the grill for 30 minutes, turning occasionally.

Baked Potatoes

Choose medium-sized firm potatoes. Scrub and pat dry, then rub the skins with oil. Wrap each potato in heavy-duty aluminum foil and roast on medium-hot coals for 45-60 minutes (or on grill, 3 inches from hot coals, for 60 minutes), turning often. When potatoes are tender, loosen the foil, cut a crisscross on top and pinch potatoes open. Top with cheese, sour cream or butter.

Carrots in Foil

Choose tiny, tender carrots (about 4-5 per serving) and place on sheet of heavy-duty foil. Sprinkle with minced parsley, salt and pepper. Dot with butter. Close foil securely and grill over medium-hot coals for 40 minutes, turning several times.

Orange-glazed Ham

You can use the glaze for barbecued chicken, too.

1 1-inch thick cooked ham slice (approx. 1 ½ lbs. or .680 kg)
 ½ cup orange marmalade
 2 tbsp. oil
 3 tbsp. cooking sherry
 1 tsp. dry mustard
 ½ tsp. ginger

Trim excess fat from around edge of ham slice and slash at intervals to prevent it from curling up during cooking. Mix remaining ingredients and brush over ham. Grill over hot coals for 6-8 minutes each side, basting frequently. Serves 4.

Beets in Foil

2 cups sliced canned beets
 1 tbsp. orange juice
 1 tbsp. grated onion
 1 tbsp. butter
 ½ tsp. salt

Place the beets on a large piece of double thick heavy-duty foil. Sprinkle with orange juice, onion, salt and dots of butter. Close the foil securely and cook on grill over hot coals for 15 minutes. Serves 4.

Hash-browned Potatoes

3 cups diced cooked potatoes
 2 tbsp. grated onion
 1 tsp. salt
 ¼ tsp. pepper
 ¼ cup butter

Mix the potatoes with onion, salt and pepper in a bowl. In a heavy skillet, heat butter, add potatoes and press down firmly into a 1-inch cake. Cook on grill over hot coals until bottom of potato cake is brown and crusty (about 10 minutes). With a spatula, loosen cake and flip over to brown the other side. (If you're not sure that you can manage to flip it over safely, divide the potato mixture into 4 separate cakes while still in the pan.) Serves 4.

Oriental Kebabs

Serve with rice, and pineapple chunks and melon balls alternated on skewers and lightly grilled.

2 lbs. (approx. 1 kg) boneless pork steak
 ½ cup soy sauce
 ¼ cup honey
 1 clove garlic, crushed
 2 tbsp. oil
 ¼ tsp. ginger
 ¼ tsp. dry mustard

Cut pork into 2-inch cubes and place in bowl. Mix together remaining ingredients, pour over pork and let stand 4 hours. Arrange cubes on skewers, separating them slightly from each other. Grill over medium to low heat for about 30 minutes, turning frequently and basting with marinade when necessary. Serves 6.





PROFILE

The unsinkable Melodie Elliott-Clark

It was a long, bitter struggle, but she now paints, writes, teaches, directs plays and helps run an art gallery. All against terrible odds

By Roma Senn

She was one of those kids you could love to hate: Melodie Elliott did so many things well. She was attractive and outgoing; she danced beautifully and once considered a career in ballet. She performed in amateur productions, won awards in figure skating and a Nova Scotia gymnastics championship. In her home town of Bridgewater, N.S., she was even a beauty queen. After high school, she took up nursing although she really wanted to attend art college in Halifax. Her father persuaded her to take something "more stable." At 23, in Kingston, Ont., where Melodie had joined her twin sister, Melanie, and studied psychiatric nursing, she met Geoff Clark, a Royal Military College cadet. Geoff and Melodie planned to marry, so they returned to Nova Scotia for a Christmas wedding. On Dec. 23, 1971, as they were driving to Bridgewater, a car hit them head on, an impact of 120 m.p.h. Melodie's neck was broken.

Today Melodie Elliott-Clark, 34, a quadriplegic, married to Geoff for more than 10 years (they got married eight days after the accident in Halifax's Victoria General Hospital), owns, with Geoff, a successful art gallery and framing shop in Chilliwack, B.C., paints prolifically—and sells everything. Recently, she returned to Bridgewater to open an exhibit of 38 watercolors at Des Brisay Museum (on until Aug. 8), her first home-town exhibit, her third in Nova Scotia. She won't say it's all been easy. It hasn't.

Melodie has survived terrible physical agony, her neck held for three months with 15- and 20-pound weights to keep her spinal column straight; nearly two years at a Vancouver rehabilitation centre; severe depressions; a suicide attempt. "The pain is over now," she says, but she still has daily frustrations "just over simple things," such as dropping a book when no one else is at home. "It stays there," she says. "There's nothing I can do." Recently, when an army of mosquitoes mercilessly landed on her face and shoulders as she painted, she couldn't attack them. Geoff has frustrations, too. "She can't get her own cup of coffee," he says, smiling. Always asking Geoff for this or that, she reminds him, "bugs me more."

We're in the living room of her parents, Fran and Norm Elliott of Bridgewater, before the exhibit opens, surrounded by Melodie's watercolors, propped against furniture. Slim and stylish in khaki-colored knickers,

Melodie sits on a stuffed chair, feet propped on a stool. She's open and friendly; there doesn't seem to be anything she won't discuss. In the past six months she's kept up a crazy painting schedule: Thirty-six paintings in less than six months. She produced nearly all new works for the show because "I can't keep them." They all sell. The paintings, delicate, Japanese-influenced landscapes and florals, are impressionistic. "She doesn't believe in perspective," Geoff jokes. As an industrial engineer, he notices. Today he helps run Elliott-Clark Arts; recently he became mayor of the sprawling district of Chilliwack. As a couple, they click. "He's my worst and best critic," Melodie says. After a bad day, when she's unhappy with her work, he sticks it in the "rejection room," which is off-limits to her because it's downstairs. "It's a good thing," she says, pulling a face.

After the accident, Melodie thought she'd never paint again. She lost nearly all use of her arms and legs—even her fingers, which she considered "the most depressing thing." Fortunately, a Halifax physiotherapist detected "a flicker of muscle tissue" in her forearms and wrists, which, if exercised, would enable her to paint. Eventually, she did—after a terrible struggle. (This summer, she brought home her first amateurish effort to give to that physiotherapist.) She had hardly any hand control, and sometimes the effort seemed too much. "I'd just collapse in tears," she says. "I knew what I wanted to do but couldn't do it."

She was a "terrible patient" at the Vancouver rehabilitation centre, where staff tried unsuccessfully to retrain her such tasks as getting dressed. "If I had to spend all my time getting dressed," she says, "it wasn't worth living." Finally, they understood that she really wanted to paint. A physiotherapist designed a grip Melodie still uses to hold a paint brush. She'd discouraged attempts by staff to have her paint by mouth as many quadriplegics do. Many don't have to. Medical staff in institutions, Melodie soon learned, aren't always enlightened. "You



Elliott-Clark: "The pain is over now"

have to fight with them," she says. Although things have been better for the last few years, Melodie remembers their refusal to discuss such topics as sex for disabled patients, or even to admit that many disabled persons commit suicide.

Her own attempt, about three years after the accident, resulted in "a turning point," when she began to accept her disability and get on with living. The couple had just moved to Comox, where Geoff served in the armed forces. Melodie, alone a lot, without friends or direction, one day swallowed 22 pills. Luckily, Geoff came home early and rushed her to hospital.

After that, her painting and surroundings assumed more importance. "I



Her first painting after the accident

DAVID NICHOLS

see things differently from other people," she says. While others rush about, she sits and contemplates nature like "a ladybug on a blade of grass." She paints the sea, the forest, snow-capped mountains. The Pacific and Atlantic coasts meld in subtle colors and light. Melodie paints on a near-horizontal board—sometimes upside down or sideways when she can't reach the top. She's studied with a B.C. painter and is pleased with her progress. "I've come further this year in my own expression," she says. She knows her work is good.

Not long ago, she wasn't so sure. Sometimes she thought people bought her work out of sympathy. But now that her watercolors sell for as much as \$700, she's above the sympathy bracket, as Geoff puts it. Once, when a viewer criticized the sky in a painting, she changed it. She wouldn't today. Because she's more confident about herself as a person in a wheelchair, she's more confident about her talents as an artist. "The social acceptance," she says, "came first." There still are, of course, cruel people around, such as mothers who pull their



"Stopping Place": Delicate, Japanese-influenced landscapes

kids away from "the freak" in the wheelchair. But Melodie now regards that as their problem, not hers.

She's had lots of challenges and awards to boost her confidence. Two years ago, she choreographed a successful and exhausting production of *Fiddler on the Roof* in Chilliwack. "It proved to me I didn't stop dancing," she says. This fall she'll help direct another play. She's lobbied for better services for disabled persons, spoken to groups ranging from

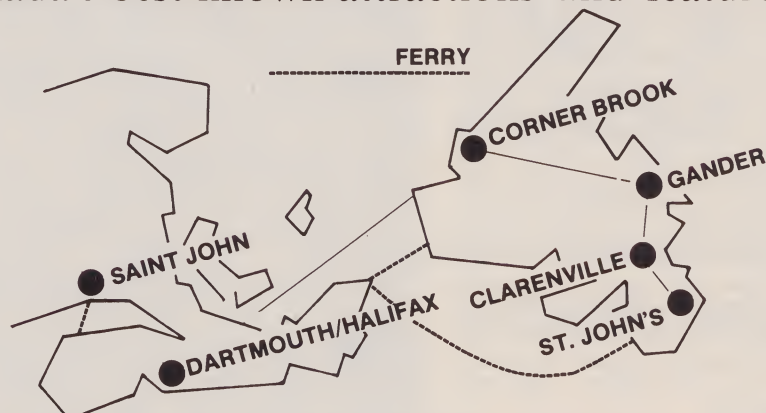
the Rotary Club to inmates at a medium-security prison, taught art to children, promoted young artists in the Chilliwack gallery. Five years ago, along with ballet dancer Karen Kain—who gave Melodie her ballet slippers—and Halifax's Dr. John Crocker, a children's kidney disease researcher, and two other Canadians, she received the Vanier Award, presented to outstanding young Canadians. As part of the International Year of Disabled Persons in '81, she appeared in the film *Against All Odds*, a Royal Bank of Canada production that had its première at the United

Nations in New York before being broadcast on CBC-TV and PBS in the U.S. Six years ago, the Canada Council gave her a \$5,000 grant to write a book on her life. It was, she admits, a "bitter" manuscript. Now that the bitterness is gone, she'll try rewriting it this winter during time out from painting for an upcoming exhibit in Chilliwack. "I'm lucky," she says, "to have talent and people to say, 'Go for it.' I will."

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Flying wheels go for the gold

When 500 wheelchair athletes from 17 countries compete for medals in Halifax this month, you'll see some of the liveliest action in amateur sport

Nine female basketball players zip around the gym at Halifax's Saint Mary's University at full speed, dribbling the ball with one hand, negotiating the wheel of their lightweight wheelchairs with the other. Sometimes the players turn so fast, the wheels lift right off the floor. The all-star team of athletes from across Canada are training together for the first time. Most arrived in Halifax late the previous night, trained all day, and then began this three-hour evening practice. Suddenly, the whistle blows. "There's no excuse to drag your butts," coach Joanne Skillen tells them. "If you don't impress us, we'll find other players that do."

Skillen, who comes from Winnipeg, is preparing Canada's women's team for the VII Pan American Wheelchair Games 1982, being held this month (Aug. 20 to 29) in Halifax. At the last games in 1978 in Brazil, Argentina's women's basketball team beat the second-place Canadians. This time, with Halifax as host city, athletes such as Halifax's Sarah Baker want the gold for Canada. She's one of about 10 Atlantic region competitors among 500 athletes from 17 countries in the Americas to participate in track and field, swimming, basketball, table tennis, archery, shooting and weightlifting in and around Saint Mary's University (SMU).

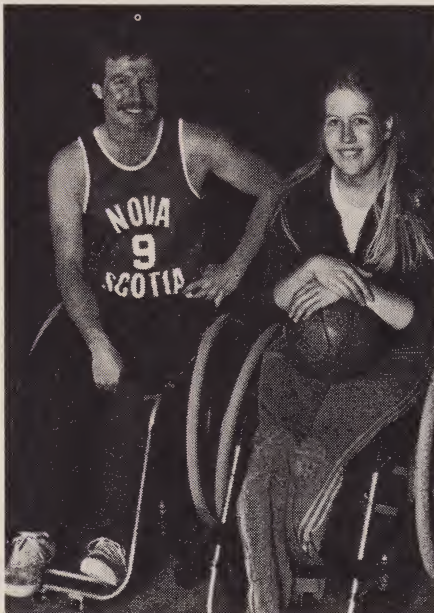
Baker, 22, a sturdy, five-foot-eight blond, grew up in San Diego, Calif., where she "played everything" with her sports-keen father and three sisters. They lined up for basketball practice in their backyard and jogged together. Later, at Halifax's Fairview Junior High School, Baker excelled in volleyball and played a good game of basketball. At 15, she contracted meningitis, a disease that inhibited blood circulation to her legs. As a result, doctors in Halifax amputated both her legs below the knees. Today, Baker holds world records among women amputee athletes in javelin and discus, a bronze medal for 100-metre freestyle swimming and a silver medal as a team member on Canada's women's basketball team in Brazil. In Halifax, she'll stick with basketball.

Baker says sports for the disabled has come a long way. But it's still "not treated like able-bodied sports," she says, pointing to the single week set aside for training her team. Her able-bodied counterparts would spend several months together for a similar international event.

During the winter, Baker, a word

processor with a Halifax real estate company, plays basketball three times a week with the Nova Scotia Flying Wheels Basketball Club. She's the only woman on the team. One of her team mates, Clary Stubbett, 27, will play on Canada's men's team in the Pan Ams. Stubbett, a five-foot-eight Dartmouth radio announcer, started playing wheelchair basketball nine years ago. Like Baker, he uses a wheelchair only for basketball. (He was born with spina bifida, and his legs are partially paralysed.) Although he always loved sports and in high school managed the soccer and basketball teams, he never actually participated; he couldn't compete with able-bodied athletes. "I never accepted the fact I'd have to play in a wheelchair," he says. But, after a friend coaxed him to a Flying Wheels game, he was hooked. "It's very competitive," he says, "very intense."

Most people view sports for the disabled simply as recreation, and don't realize how lively the games are. Many people will get their first chance to see wheelchair sports at the Pan Am Games this month. SMU, a university with easy access for wheelchairs, was a good choice. It had most of the facilities, and the feds provided \$1.8 million for an artificial track and Astro Turf (all-weather) field. The biggest job, by far, has been organizing the \$497,000 Games. Dick Loiselle has been working on it for the past 1½ years, which some people considered



Athletes Clary Stubbett and Sarah Baker

excessive. Why can't you pull this thing together a month before the games? they wanted to know. Impossible, he said, and he should know. He had the same job for three years for the bigger 1976 Olympiad for the Physically Disabled in Toronto. For the Pan Ams, just arranging transportation has proved "a big problem." Special permission was needed from the airlines for large numbers of wheelchair passengers to travel on a plane at one time. (Planes limit the number on a flight for safety reasons.) When the planes touch down, groups of wheelchair athletes won't have to troop through Halifax International Airport, which is poorly designed for wheelchairs. (There's only one elevator—designed for only one wheelchair—located at the opposite end of the terminal from the Customs section.) Instead, Customs officials will clear athletes on the tarmac. From there, they'll board 12 school buses stripped of their seats and equipped with ramps to load passengers quickly. Because athletes compete at several sites in Halifax, they need fast transportation. But getting permission to use the buses took nearly six months, simply because they'd never been used before in Nova Scotia to transport people in wheelchairs.

Loiselle, a burly 44-year-old, is an all-round athlete who's worked with disabled athletes since the Sixties. He prefers working with physically disabled athletes, he says, because they're "more responsive and more appreciative" than able-bodied athletes. After working with disabled sports groups in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Ontario, he's found that his toughest job has been trying to dispel the myths surrounding the disabled. "Some people associated physical disabilities with mental problems," he says, "or thought disabilities were contagious." Fortunately, "there's better awareness now," he says, thanks in part to campaigns such as last year's International Year of Disabled Persons.

Canada should stack up lots of medals in Halifax. "We do very well," Loiselle says. He mentions the "very strict" qualifying standards Canada sets for its athletes and the over-all high level of competition.

Athletes such as Mel Fitzgerald of St. John's, Nfld., can do a mile in 4.17 minutes in a wheelchair. Jon Brown, of the U.S. can lift 600 pounds. (The Soviet Union's super heavyweight Vasili Alexeev lifted only 561 pounds at the Montreal Olympics in 1976.) Considering this record of achievement, can sports for the disabled be considered only therapeutic? Loiselle asks. Joanne McDonald of St. John's, who's captured more medals than she can count, and will compete in table tennis, track and field and basketball, would answer with a resounding no. She takes her sports seriously. "Sports is a major part of my life," she says.

— Roma Senn

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Clary Croft: A young artist mines the history of the region in song

When Clary Croft gave a concert at a Nova Scotia nursing home last year, an elderly woman came up to him before he was finished, tears streaming down her face. "I haven't heard that song since I was a child," she told him. For Croft, a 31-year-old Nova Scotia folksinger, moments like that are what his job is all about. He spends many hours visiting old people, collecting songs and stories. And, through his concerts, he shares the traditional folksongs that have been passed down through generations of people in the Atlantic region.

Croft, who performs up to five times a week, loves concerts—"They're the perfect setting"—and he has a small but devoted following. Recalling one concert at Orwell Corner, P.E.I., he says, "I performed in a Victorian hall, with kerosene lamps, in the middle of a snowstorm. Only about 50 or 60 people came. But they came to hear."

He's just released his second solo record album, *False Knight Upon the Road*, with a title song that dates back to the Middle Ages. All the songs are from the collection of the celebrated Nova Scotia folklorist, Dr. Helen Creighton. Croft takes the "simple, melodic lines" and adds his own touch of warmth and sincerity to bring the lyrics to life. His repertoire includes about 120 songs, most of which are of British origin. "I don't try to affect an accent unless the song is Acadian French," he says. "Then you try to make it sound more authentic."

A native of Sherbrooke, N.S., Croft comes from a Scots-Presbyterian background. "My whole family was musical," he says. "My grandmother played the organ. My uncle and the dog played the mouth organ. I play guitar and play at piano."

He got interested in folk music while still in school. Although he sang with local dance bands in high school, "I was wrapped up in the peace and love thing of the Sixties," he says. Then he spent a couple of years sing-

ing and touring Canada and the U.S. with The Privateers. Billed as "Canada's only professional folk chorus," they represented the Maritimes at the World's Fair in Osaka, Japan, in 1970. After leaving the group, Croft did solo stints as a regular on CBC's *Singalong Jubilee* and made guest appearances on *Juliette and Friends*, *Carousel* and *Heritage*.

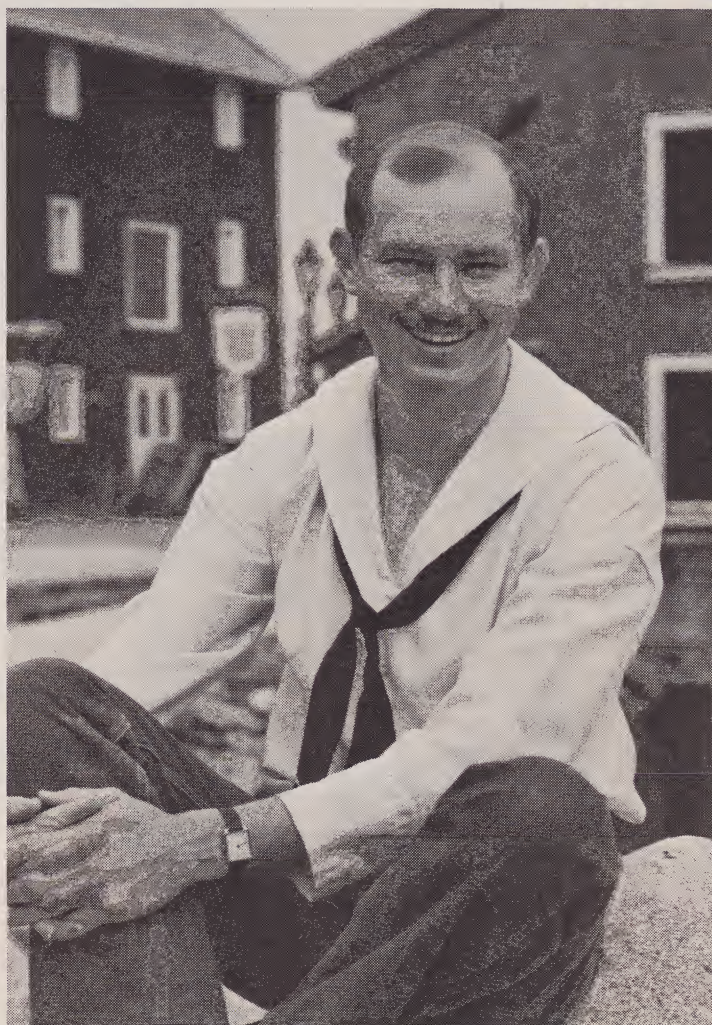
His interest in folklore spun off from his involvement with the Sherbrooke Village restoration, east of Halifax (a provincial site depicting a typical, late-19th-century village). Telling tales and singing songs to the delight of tourists, "I perched myself on the counter of the general store and sang away," he says. While his wife, Sharon, headed the costume department on the site, Croft commuted to Halifax for the next four years to perform at a restaurant on

Halifax's waterfront. He's still dividing his time between his 14-room home in Sherbrooke and his Halifax residence, but it's a system that's working. With most of his performances scheduled for fall and winter, he spends summers collecting songs and stories, weaving and helping Sharon document period costumes. (Three years ago, they formed Croft Designs, which makes contemporary, one-of-a-kind garments for clients.)

Today, Croft considers collecting folklore, singing and performing as his principal job. With a folklore course from Saint Mary's University behind him, he'd even considered majoring in the subject. But with an extensive collection of folklore of his own, he was already ahead of many of the experts.

A member of the Folklore Studies Association of Canada, he says, "You're always studying and learning." A recent project was a still unpublished book on the folklore of Sherbrooke Village. He also works occasionally for the provincial Department of Education, giving talks and workshops on folklore to teachers and students. He discusses everything from what it's like to be a collector of ghost stories, to the meaning of ballads. Although he's just written six songs commissioned for The Leading Wind Puppet Theatre in Chester, N.S., Croft says, "I don't write as much as I used to. I'm more involved in the collecting aspect of folklore."

Croft says, "You become observant, take down everything as much as possible." The elderly often tell him, "None of my children sing songs," or "They're not interested in our ghost stories." But Croft is an eager listener. People may be hesitant to tell a story or sing a song in front of him. "Sometimes it takes a few visits. And sometimes you trade songs with them," he says. And sometimes, "you may go away, not receiving anything. But you may go with a phrase or a custom they've used. Maybe they pour your tea in a certain way."



PHOTOS BY JULIAN BEVENIDGE

Croft: He spends many hours with old people

Croft says he considers himself a lucky man. "My work is so eclectic, one month I'm doing lectures, the next a concert tour." What about five years down the road? Grinning, he says he hopes to be doing exactly the same thing. "You can touch 300 people or you can touch one person," he says.

Ed McCurdy: A folk musician of the Fifties looks to better times in the east

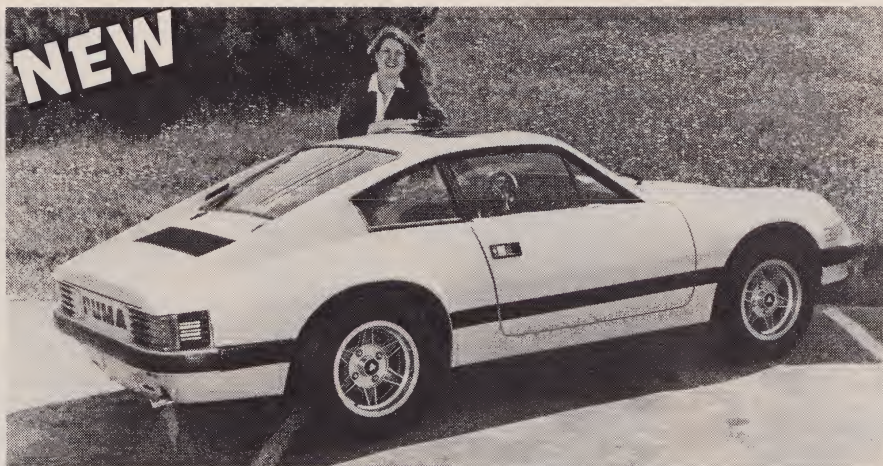
Ed McCurdy has the kind of voice—deep, resonant and powerful—that could stop you in your tracks. He's a tall, imposing man with a firm handshake and a hearty laugh, a person who seems in control of all he touches. There's little about the man that hints at his struggles over the past 15 years—alcoholism, pill addiction, heart trouble and a debilitating paralysis.

As a folksinger who achieved international success in the Fifties and Sixties, McCurdy knew everybody, from Pete Seeger to Lena Horne. But he says it's only today, at age 63, that "I'm beginning to live the way I wanted to at 12." Sprawled on the couch of his apartment in Halifax, where he's now teaching music, he talks about his past and his plans for the future as his fingers tap a fast, continuous rhythm on the coffee table and the back of the couch.

McCurdy grew up in Willow Hill, Pa., the youngest of 12 children born to a creamery operator. After getting kicked out of high school twice—"I was listed as an incorrigible"—he managed one term of military school in southern Virginia before dropping out. In that part of the United States in the Thirties, supporters of civil rights were not highly regarded. "I wasn't too popular," he says.

From an early age, McCurdy found solace in music. "I was a bass at twelve and a half," he says. From the age of 14, he studied classical voice, winning a scholarship to a state university in Oklahoma. But jobs for operatic baritones were scarce, and when he was offered a job singing hymns three mornings a week on radio station WKY in Oklahoma City, he jumped at the chance. Thirty-five dollars could buy a lot in 1937 and he was just 18.

Then he landed a job in radio in Frederick, Md., in the late Thirties. "I'm a stutterer and one of the ways I got over it was to audition as a radio announcer," he says. Announcing and singing helped combat the speech problem. "The air



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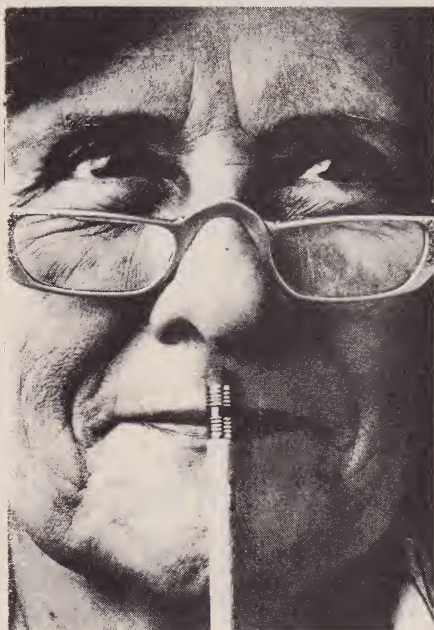


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MUSIC

flow in singing prevents the stutter," he says.

Following the Depression and Second World War, a new breed of singer was emerging in America—the folk artist—and McCurdy listened with growing interest. But by now, he was in New York City, paying for classical lessons by singing vaudeville, "bathroom variety" songs like "Old Man River" and "Lady of Spain." "But the first time I had an inkling of how lyrical a folk-song could be," he says, "was listening to Burl Ives."

As a radio announcer, he made several treks to Canada, to work at stations in Vancouver, Toronto and Newfoundland. He remembers when Newfoundland joined Confederation in 1949: "They were all wearing black armbands at the station. But I was considered all right because, they said, 'at least he's not a Canadian.'"

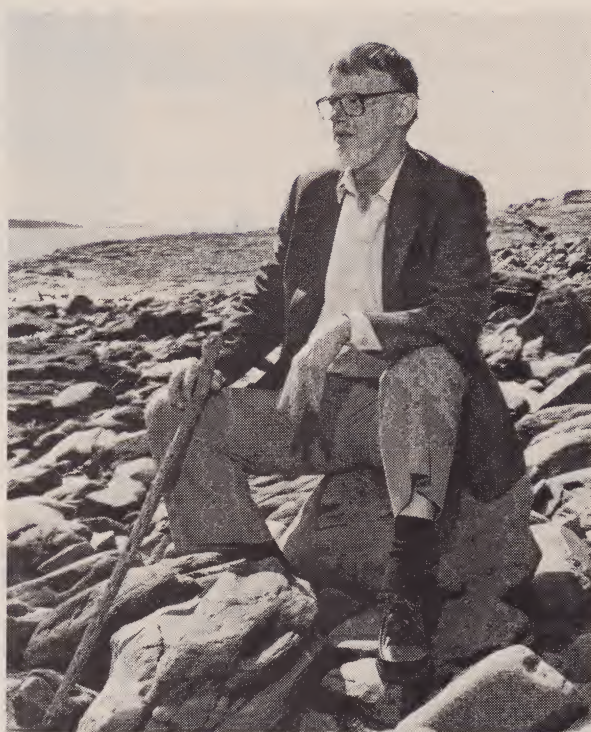
In the Fifties, a radio program in Vancouver led to a stint in children's television in Toronto, as host of a show called *Ed's Place*, and he worked for the CBC, off and on, for years.

While Pete Seeger and Woodie Guthrie built up a solid folk following, McCurdy played the nightclub circuit in New York and across the United States singing traditional American music. Except for taking part in a few civil rights marches, he rarely got involved in political issues. But one song he wrote in 1949, "Last Night I Had the Strangest Dream," became the theme song for a generation of anti-war activists.

A year later, he met Pete Seeger. "We had a long discussion about politics and we determined we weren't going to agree. But we've been friends despite that."

Years of club dates and tours took its toll on McCurdy's health, and by the Sixties, the hole he'd dug himself into was threatening to close over him. Battling with booze and drugs was bad enough, but then a neurological disorder left him paralysed for a time. The support of his family, his determination and faith in Alcoholics Anonymous saw him through the crisis. (McCurdy and his wife, Beryl, a former ballet dancer from Saskatchewan, have three children.) "I feel privileged today," he says.

The McCurdys, whose home base since 1954 had been New York, moved to Halifax last March. They'd had good memories of Nova Scotia ever since a holiday in St. Margaret's Bay 23 years ago, and a Halifax friend, Don Warner, had been encouraging them to move to the Maritimes. McCurdy was recovering



McCurdy: Living "the way I wanted to at 12"

from a coronary bypass operation, and Halifax seemed a good place to recuperate.

He's currently teaching a dozen singing students who answered his ad in a local paper. He's found the biggest obstacle in teaching is trying to overcome the students' lack of self-confidence. "Usually they don't like themselves very much," he says. In hour-long sessions, "I get them singing songs and then talk to them about abdominal strength, diaphragm breathing and so on."

In the last four years he's recorded an album of sacred songs of America, a children's album and has some ballad-style music on the back burner.

Besides his teaching, he'd also like to do more acting. (He got a taste of theatre touring off Broadway several years ago.) Then there's the book he'd like to write about his experiences with the CBC. "It would make fairly juicy reading," he says. He's also a poet, an abstract painter and cartoonist. Displaying a group of children's cartoons, he says, "I can't draw but that doesn't stop me from doing it." His headiest dream is to run a coffee house in Halifax, a place where people can gather to listen to music. "I want to show that people can enjoy themselves without booze," says McCurdy, who hasn't touched alcohol in 14 years.

Born on Jan. 11, McCurdy's a Capricorn, and although he says he doesn't believe in astrology, he observes, "There's a theory that Capricorns are late bloomers. We're also doubters, but I've been called a good doubter because I'm always searching."

— Pam Lutz



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CALENDAR

NEWFOUNDLAND

Aug. 13-15—Bakeapple Festival L'Anse-Amour

Aug. 13-15—Summer Sports and Fun Festival, Mama Dawe Recreation Park, Corner Brook

Aug. 15—Old Bonaventure Day, Old Bonaventure

Aug. 15-22—Ladies Senior "A" Softball Championship, Lions Park, St. John's

Aug. 17—Don MacLean: Singer, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Aug. 17-Sept. 15—Humber Art Association presents an exhibit and sale of members' work, Arts and Culture Centre, Corner Brook

Aug. 23—Denis Parker Band in concert, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Aug. 27-29—Canadian Senior Men's Baseball Championship, St. Pat's Ball Park and Wishing Well Ball Park, St. John's

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Aug.—The Charlottetown Festival presents "Anne of Green Gables," "Skin Deep," "Tonight," Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

Aug.—Quilts: A look at their usefulness and folk-art quality, EPTEK National Exhibition Centre, Summerside

Aug. 15—Maritime Championship Drag Racing, Oyster Bed Bridge

Aug. 15—Blueberry Fair, Green Park Shipbuilding Museum,

Aug. 19-Sept. 12—Chester's Barn: Two dozen small paintings by Island artist Lindee Climo, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

Aug. 21—Kensington Harvest Festival Run (25 km), Kensington

Aug. 21—Charlottetown to Summerside Yacht Race, Charlottetown Harbor

Aug. 21-25—Community Harvest Festival: Sports, road race, parade, Community Gardens, Kensington

Aug. 22—Confederation Centre Choirs, Confederation Centre

Aug. 28, 29—Island Open, Belvedere Golf Club, Charlottetown

Aug. 29—Maud Whitmore Benefit: Music, comedy, dance, Confederation Centre

Sept. 3, 4—Egmont Bay and Mont Carmel Exhibition: Fruit and vegetables displays, livestock and horses, lobster supper, Abram Village

Sept. 4-6—Maritime Windsurfer Championship, Stanhope Beach

Sept. 4-6—Green Gables Open, Green Gables Golf Course, Cavendish

NEW BRUNSWICK

Aug.—Parlee Beach Summer Theatre presents, Aug. 12-16, "Abracadabra"; Aug. 19-23, "Delightful Deceptions"; Aug. 26-30, "Hocus Pocus Finale '82," Shediac

Aug. 4-Sept. 30—Daily Smile: Political cartoons by Duncan MacPherson, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Aug. 14—Annual Arts and Crafts, Victoria Park, Moncton

Aug. 16-21—Miramichi Exhibition, Exhibition Building, Chatham

Aug. 20-22—Horse Show, Sussex

Aug. 21—International 200 Stock Car Race, Riverglade Speedway

Aug. 21, 22—Perfection 20 Kilometre Championship National Road Race, Riverview, Moncton

Aug. 21-28—Country Living Days, Sussex

Aug. 25-30—Agricultural Exhibition, St-Isidore

Aug. 26-29—Kent Co. Fair, Ste-Marie-de-Kent

Aug. 29-Sept. 4—Atlantic National Exhibition, Saint John

Sept. 1-30—Mary Pratt Exhibition, Beaverbrook Art Gallery, Fredericton

Sept. 1-30—Photography Exhibit, City Hall Exhibit Gallery, Saint John

Sept. 3-5—Half-marathon Celebrations, St-François

Sept. 4, 5—Mactaquac Craft Festival, Mactaquac Park

Sept. 4, 5—Maritime Hobie Catamaran Association Moosehead/Hobie Cat. Regatta, Grand Lake

Sept. 4-6—Por-Ti-Pic Festival, St. Leonard



Sept. 6-11—Fredericton Exhibition and Provincial Livestock Show, Fredericton

Sept. 11, 12—A Woolly Weekend, Kings Landing Historical Settlement, Prince William

Sept. 12—Labatts 50 Stock Car Racing, Danny's Speed Bowl, Bathurst

Sept. 13-Oct. 15—Libby Shackleton Prints and Paintings: Streetscapes of old Saint John, N.B. Museum, Saint John

NOVA SCOTIA

Aug. 16-21—Annapolis County Exhibition, Lawrencetown

Aug. 17-21—Cape Breton Co. Exhibition, North Sydney

Aug. 17-Sept. 4—Leading Wind Theatre presents "Firebird," Chester

Aug. 18-21—Halifax County Exhibition, Middle Musquodoboit

Aug. 18-29—Yarmouth Summer Theatre presents "Under Milkwood," by Dylan Thomas, Th'Yarc, Yarmouth

Aug. 19-22—Action Days '82, Louisbourg

Aug. 20, 21—Fifth Annual Down-East Old-time Fiddling Contest, Sackville

Aug. 20-22—1982 Canadian National Water Ski Championships, Lake Banook, Dartmouth

Aug. 20-22—N.S. Designer Craftsmen Summer Craft Market, Dalhousie University, Halifax

Aug. 20-22—Bluegrass and Oldtime Music Festival, Canada Creek

Aug. 21—4th Annual Mahone Bay Craft Fair, Mahone Bay

Aug. 21-29—VII Pan American Wheelchair Games 1982, Saint Mary's University, Halifax

Aug. 23-28—Halifax Independent Theatre presents "An Inspector Calls," by J.B. Priestley, Neptune Theatre, Halifax

Aug. 27, 28—2nd Annual Lunenburg Co. Wrist Wrestling Competition, Hemford

Aug. 31-Sept. 4—Cumberland County Exhibition, Oxford

Sept. 1-4—Digby County Exhibition, Bear River

Sept. 3-6—Maud Lewis Festival, Digby

Sept. 4—Open House and Barn Dance, Parrsboro

Sept. 4, 5—Mira Boat Races, Mira River Boat Club

Sept. 4-6—Berwick Gala Days

Sept. 5-7—River Bourgeois Community Festival

Sept. 6-11—Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion, Lunenburg

Sept. 14-19—Hants County Exhibition, Windsor

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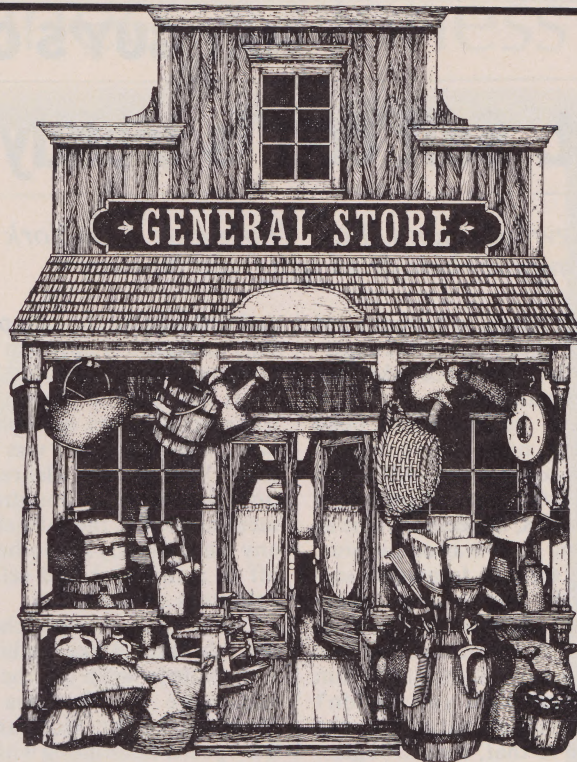
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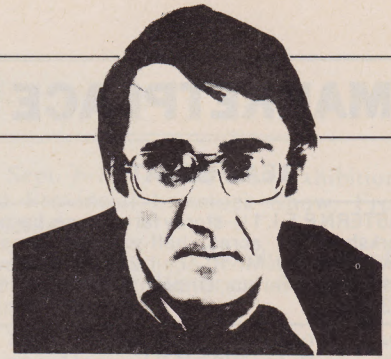
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At last. Salt cod is trendy

But not in Newfoundland. Pity. Those chic New York kitchens will have to import their dried fish from Norway

A chap I met at school in Toronto and whose dad owned most of the supermarkets in Jamaica once asked me if codfish had human faces.

Newfie jokes hadn't then been spawned, so I had no reflexive urge to alter his elegant dental work. Although he later dropped out of journalism school to take ballet lessons, he seemed to be as nimble in the attic as he was on his pins. No, he was being serious. Jamaicans saw only salt codfish, and because these arrived headless, the notion grew up among the more superstitious that cod had heads like people. I reassured him that even in a poor light you couldn't mistake a cod's head for that of John the Baptist or, come to that, Kirk Douglas.

King Cod. In Newfoundland, at least, the royal name was seldom spoken. If you said fish you meant cod, while the lesser breeds were called by name—salmon, herring, halibut. You went troutling in a brook with rod and line, never fishing.

In school when asked to draw a fish, we took the easy way out and sketched a dried cod—just a long triangle with tail attached but two scallops up top where the head had come off. The same appeared on a stamp with the legend "Newfoundland Currency" below it, and coins from St. Pierre of featherweight aluminum were stamped with the same curious triangle. For centuries these hard salted triangles had been shipped off by the millions to feed the slaves of the Caribbean, the poor of the Mediterranean, the natives of South America and the Catholics of Northern Europe.

Once when I was in Barbados and quite stewed by the sun and soused on Planter's Punch, I got peevish about being called "honkey" or "ghost" once too often. There was an anti-white wave going through the West Indies at the time, much of it imported all of a piece from the States.

"Look here, chummy," I said to a taunting Bajan, having prudently selected an uncommonly small one, "I wonder who got the dirtier end of the stick—my great granddaddy or yours? Mine slaved like a black to send down saltfish to yours and neither saw a dollar from one year's end to the next. It was a vicious triangle which kept the sugar bowls of London full. Don't you dare tell me that my crowd trod on the necks of yours."

This pretty piece of philosophy seemed to have no effect on the chap, and as some huskier brethren were approaching, I remounted my Raleigh

and pedalled for the next parish, pausing only to shout: "Those fish we send down do have faces like people."

It was only 20 years ago or less that frozen cod began to replace dried fish here. The switchover was fast and complete. Villages were cleared of the structures, trappings, outbuildings and equipment needed in the saltfishery, and now any landlubberly schoolboy could shove off in a rowboat and sell his catch to collectors on the beach.

"Too many people chasing too few fish," declared Ricky Cashin's new union. A crusade to weed out the moonlighters and shore up the bona fides began. Meanwhile, the Russians and other Europeans came along with factory ships which vacuumed everything off the Grand Banks except the rocks.

During the Smallwood years, the fishery was scorned in favor of rubber plants, chocolate factories and other exotica. However, a Fisheries College was started, and the man found to head it had invented that ultimate desecration of fish, the breaded, frozen fish stick.

Today, offshore gas and oil has pushed the fishery into a corner, and the current Fisheries minister is worm-bored cabinet timber, indeed. On top of that, Ottawa sticks in its oar with all the gaffes and floundering that that usually entails.

Quality control is a scandal. No self-respecting Scandinavian dog would touch some of the stuff that comes out of Newfoundland fish plants. Workers have told me they've had to check out sick after retching and heaving half the day over a particular batch of fish.

Another disgrace, and one that occurs most summers, is that during the height of the cod season hundreds of tons are dumped or left to rot because the plants can't handle them. A complication this year is that the Japanese have discovered capelin—particularly the roe of the hen capelin—thought to transform honorable but flagging grandfathers into raging satyrs. The demand and price for this piscatorial equivalent of rhinoceros horn is such that some plants turn away cod in favor of capelin.

Which brings us right back around again to the salt cod industry. Even Fisheries Minister James ("Dim") Morgan now opines that salted dried cod would be a viable way to handle the glut. Because saltfish is no longer cheap fodder for slaves and peasants. Trendy amateur chefs in America, for instance, are informed by culinary gurus like Beard, Child and Claiborne that *Morue*

Portugaise is one in the eye for the Joneses and that *Brandade de Morue* will get them lionized in Wichita.

Beard says his favorite codfish dishes are based on the salt cod and gives assembly instructions for the stuff done in the Armenian, Spanish, Lyonnaise, Carcassone, Marseillaise and cod knows how many other styles. (He seems to have overlooked *Morue à la Bung Hole Tickle*, which is salt cod wrapped in layers of well-wetted newspaper, then chucked into the midst of a wood fire...and a wonderful grand grog-bit-it is, too, of a frosty winter's night.)

But the hitch is that when all these chic U.S. kitchens commence clamoring for salt cod it'll have to be imported from Norway. Not many here now know or remember how to make it. The necessary paraphernalia has been destroyed. Under the old system, large families and much labor were required.

The practice probably lasted longer in Newfoundland than in the other Atlantic provinces. In my teens, 25 years ago, the adolescent dream of sailing off to Trinidad or Rio or Cadiz or Naples in a schooner laden with saltfish was still a real possibility. But the markets faded abroad and, at home, the drudgeries and failures of the past were used to scupper any notion of a salt cod fishery of the future and to underline the joys and prosperity of aluminum smelters to come.

For all that, there may still be some hope. We've got to do something until the time comes when we'll be up to the hips in oily Rolls, Lear jets, manor houses, great gobs of emeralds and you.

"Making" salt cod is as complicated as producing cheese or wine, but surely a small pool of expertise still exists. New gadgets and techniques must now be available to take some of the drudgery out of the job. The thousands of women and children who stand like robots in chilly, reeking fish plants might be glad of a choice. From the consumers end of it, if I had to choose between good saltfish and those breaded, frozen fish sticks, I would hesitate no longer than a U.S. Congressman faced with a pensionable Water Street tart and Raquel Welch.

Speaking of which...if Dim Morgan would only spread the word of the Japanese discovery about capelin eggs around the chic environs of Washington, D.C., we need never fear for the future. Trudeau, MacEachen and the boys might then seize all our offshore petroleum and put it to whatever ends they saw fit...and be damned to them all. ☒

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